

The Horse.

Growth of the Horse's Foot.

In "Artistic Horse-Shoeing" the author has the following on the growth of the foot of the horse, and the influence of soil and climate upon its structure:

It may be laid down as a rule, that the horse grows more rapidly in warm dry climates, than in cold wet ones; in healthy energetic animals, than in those which are soft and weakly; during exercise, than in repose; in young, than in old animals. Food, labor and shoeing, also add their influence; while the seasons are to some extent concerned in the growth and shape of the hoof. In winter it widens, becomes softer, and grows but little; in summer it is condensed, becomes more rigid, concave, and resisting, is exposed to severe wear, and grows more rapidly; this variation is a provision of nature to enable the hoof to adapt itself to the altered conditions it has to meet: hard horn to hard ground, soft horn to soft ground.

In this way we can account for the influence of locality upon the shape of the foot. On hard, dry ground, the hoof is dense, tenacious, and small, with concave sole, and a little but firm grip; in marshy regions, it is large and spreading, the horn soft and easily destroyed by wear, the sole thin and flat, and the frog an immense spongy mass which is badly fitted to receive pressure from slightly hardened soil. In a dry climate, we have an animal small, compact, wiry, and vigorous, traveling on a surface which demands a tenacious hoof, and not one adapted to prevent sinking; in the marshy region we have a large, heavy, lymphatic creature, one of whose primary requirements is a foot designed to travel on a soft yielding surface. Change the respective situations of these two horses, and nature immediately begins to transform them and their feet. The light, excitable, vigorous horse, with its small vertical hoofs and concave soles, so admirably disposed to traverse rocks and slippery surfaces, is physically incompetent to exist on low-lying swamps; while the unwieldy animal, slow-paced and torpid, with a foot perfectly adapted to such a region—the ground face being so extensive and flat that it sinks but little, and the frog developed to such a degree as to resemble a plowshare in form, which gives it a grip of the soft, slippery ground—is but indifferently suited for traveling on a hard, rugged surface. In process of time, however, the small concave hoof expands and flattens, and the large flat one gradually becomes concentrated, hardened, and hollow, to suit the altered physical conditions in which they are placed.

The degree of health possessed by the horse-secreting apparatus at any time has also much to do with its activity in generating new material. When its blood-vessels become congested or contracted from some cause or other, its function is in a proportionate degree suspended, and the hoof grows in an irregular manner, and may be altered in thickness, texture, and quality.

In the ordinary conditions of town work and stable management, I have observed that the wall of a healthy foot—its chief portion, so far as fertility is concerned—grows down from the coronet at the rate of about one-quarter of an inch per month, and that the entire wall of a medium-sized hoof has been regenerated in from nine to twelve months.

The process of growth can be greatly accelerated and exaggerated by irritating the surface which throws out the horn material. Thus a blister, hot iron, or any other irritant or stimulant applied to this part, will induce not only a more rapid formation, but one in which increased thickness is a marked feature.

Care of Horses.

It has been said by the Scottish *Farming World* that one-half of the fees that are paid to veterinarians are paid in consequence of impaired digestion resulting from faulty feeding. Most feeders of horses believe that good hay and oats or meal are all the feed that a horse requires. But a horse enjoys and requires an occasional change of food as well as his master. Manifold would think their lot was cast in unpleasant places if they were compelled to eat pork and potatoes day after day for an entire year, yet they sometimes seem to be willing that the faithful horse should subsist upon a continuous diet of hay, oats or meal.

There is nothing more beneficial to the horse than green grass occasionally during the summer. In fact, there is nothing better for a debilitated animal than to turn it out to grass for a time. This should be remembered and the horse occasionally indulged in a feed of green grass during the summer, and in winter with carrots, apples or a few cut potatoes that give a desirable change to the diet. So long as farmers are the masters of animals they should make a study to make them comfortable and provide food in a desirable variety.—*German-town Telegraph*.

Spinal Meningitis in Horses.

This disease has been ravaging the stables in New Jersey for some time and has finally found its way into those of New York City. The symptoms are given as follows:

The disease appears to be miasmatic and not contagious. The first symptom is for the horse to refuse to eat. Then his hind quarters begin to stiffen up and lose their power of motion. He is unable to manage himself and if you push him around his legs will twist up, as if they were utterly beyond his management. All the time he will groan and indicate that he is suffering from intense pain. Then his pulse will grow weak, while the temperature will rise to 106 to 108°. Within an incredibly short time he will be completely paralyzed behind and he will fall down and roll over for all the world like a dog. Lastly, he will experience great difficulty in swallowing—he can neither eat nor drink. And then the animal dies from heart failure. The indicated treatment is to physic and stimulate the animal, but so swift is the disease that before the medicine acts the patient is beyond the reach of medicine.

The young stallion Sphinx, owned by Sutherland & Bonham, of East Saginaw, won the four-year-old stallion stakes at Cleveland last week, in straight heats; time, 2:27, 2:35, 2:55, which is a good record for so young a horse.

Horse Gossip.

The managers of the fair to be held at Albion, Calhoun Co., offer \$1,000 in speed premiums. The date of the fair is Sept. 27 to 30 inclusive.

JAY-EYE-SEE is reported to have trotted a mile in 2:15½ at Lincoln, Neb., on Wednesday last, making the fastest time yet recorded over a half mile track.

Dr. R. L. CLEVELAND, of East Saginaw, has sold the pacer Richard to E. J. Vance, of Bay City. Richard is said to have paced a mile in 2:26. The price is reported at \$1,000 cash.

A RAILWAY train ran into a lot of horses on the farm of Ezra Rust, of Saginaw, on Thursday night last, killing five and injuring four others. In the lot were a fine driving horse and several Clydes.

PRESIDENT CAMPBELL, of the Detroit Driving Park Association, visited Cleveland last week and completed arrangements for a race between Clingstone and Patron, during the fall meeting, for a purse of \$5,000.

At Cleveland last week, in the race for the Ohio stallion championship stakes, Patron won easily, losing the first heat in 2:33½, and taking the next three in 2:18½, 2:17½, 2:19½. The other entries were Atlantic, Ophan Boy and Tom Rogers.

Masses, Dowsy & Stewart tell the following singular circumstance: Thos. Brel, his brother, the well known butcher of this city, bred his trotting mare, Home Maid, to Louis Napoleon August 12, 1886. She foaled September 7, carrying the colt for 391 days.

At the Cleveland Driving Park on Friday last, the mare Belle Hamlin was sent a mile for the purpose of breaking her own and the record of Patron and Clingstone. The price was a cup. She made the mile in 2:19½. The quarters were 51.4, 56.1, 1:01.4, and 1:07.4.

GENERAL KNOX 140, record 2:31½, died recently, aged 34 years. He was sired by "Yeoman" Hero 141, first dam by Searcher, son of Barney Henry second dam the Handmaid mare by Hill's Sir Charles, a son of Duroc. Gen. Knox's descendants are speed producers also.

At Omaha the other day, an unknown pacer named U Bet, owned by John H. Erby, of Chicago, with a running mate, paced a mile in 2:13. Erby has been offered \$10,000 for the horse but refused to sell. He wants to back him against any pacer in the world with a running mate.

COLDWATER Republican: Magna Charta is the sire of them of another 30 performers. Magna Wilkes, a son of Geo. Wilkes, and from a Magna mare, won the 2:30 race at Omaha, Neb., last Friday, winning one heat in 2:29½. Certainly Magna is to Michigan what Pilot Junior or Alexander's Abdallah was to Kentucky.

PATRON and Clingstone trotted against each other at Cleveland on Thursday last. Patron got the first heat, and Clingstone the next two. Then Mr. Emery withdrew Patron on the ground that the horse was sick, and the race was given to Clingstone. The time was 2:17, 2:18 and 2:19. Clingstone trotted the last mile alone in 2:42.

The daily papers announce that W. W. Bair, on behalf of Frank Siddals, of Philadelphia, offers to match the pacer Johnston to wagon from \$1,000 to \$10,000, over any national track in the United States, against any pacer or trotter to harness, barring Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See. Which is the way Frank takes to advertise his soap, as cheaper than paying regular rates for it. These spread eagle announcements telegraphed all over the country are merely to catch suckers, but some of the papers don't seem able to "catch on" to the racket.

The Central Michigan Agricultural Society has three breeders' stakes to be trotted for at the fair at Lansing, September 26 to 30. The classes are two, three and four year olds. There are nine entries in the two years old class, eight in the three years old, and two in the four years old class. The purses are divided as follows: Seventy per cent to the first, twenty per cent to the second and ten per cent to the third. The entries comprising a fine lot of Michigan bred horses, the sires represented being Bay Middleton, Black Cloud, Pilot Medium, Louis Napoleon, George Mico, Wm. Rysdyk, Lumps, Masterlode, Young Abdallah, and others.

The Flatbush stakes, run for over the Sheepshead Bay course recently, were won by Sir Dixon. The distance is seven furlongs, and the winner carried 115 pounds. The time was 1:29. The *N. Y. Tribune* says of the colt: "A handsome, more elegant two-year-old colt has been seen on the American turf for years, and his action is the smooth and effortless of the swallow. He is by Billet out of Jaconet. Mr. Morris has in him a really great colt and one that will be feared next year. He displays such ability to stay as well as to run fast that he is likely to make as great a three-year-old as a two-year-old."

The race for the Doncaster St. Leger, ran on Wednesday last, was remarkable on account of the winner being apparently out of the race from the commencement. This winner was the bay colt Kilwarlin, Mory Hampton being second and Timothy third. Six others started. The start was delayed a quarter of an hour by the restiveness of Kilwarlin, Eldorado and Merry Hampton. Eventually all got away except Kilwarlin, who persistently refused to take the word and was left at the post. He made no attempt to follow the others until they had gone a hundred yards, then he went with a rush and at the end of the first mile joined them. When the band was reached Kilwarlin had taken the lead, and an exciting finish ensued, Kilwarlin winning by half a length, going between Merry Hampton and Timothy. The spectators were wild with excitement over Kilwarlin's unexpected victory.

THE Michigan Board of Review of the American Trotting Association held an adjourned meeting at Lansing on September 9, and after transacting some special business, took up the case of George Tuft, of Loretta F. notoriety, and after fully examining into the evidence offered by C. C. Pond, the owner of Loretta F., issued the following order: "The Board is of the opinion that the interests of the Trotting Race will be promoted by preventing George Tuft from performing on tracks of this Association pending action of the Board of Appeals. It is therefore ordered that said George Tuft be suspended from all tracks of members of the American Trotting Association until the meeting of the Board of Appeals in December, 1887." This case has been referred to before in these columns. Tuft acknowledged that he had received money for piloting Loretta F. while her owner, who knew she could win, was backing her. Tuft is a Canadian.

The Farm.

Success in Grass Seeding.

The "poor catches" so many farmers complain of are the result of a weak soil. There is no trouble about getting a good seeding if the surface of the land is rich. This is not all; when grass seed or even clover is sown on rich land it holds on wonderfully. Clover is by nature a biennial, but in one of the most exposed parts of our fields it becomes almost eternal, because at the time the ryegrass was put in, the ground was covered all over with a thick coating of clear sheep manure. In the spring the clover seed was sown on this strip, as well as all over the lot, and in two years it was all gone in the rest of the field, but on the land manured so strongly it showed no signs of failure and held on until the land was plowed up. It pays to seed land well. The seed is costly and it puts a farm out of joint to lose a seeding, hence too much pains cannot be taken to put seed in well, but manure is the main thing. If there is not a supply of barn manure then I should use the best commercial fertilizer I could get to give the seeding a start, and put the manure on as soon as possible, afterward. Meadows and pastures may be mended by sprinkling manure on the barren spots and harrowing them over and sowing grass seed on top.

For a permanent pasture there should be a variety of grasses, in order to get a full supply of growth and to insure the entire covering of the ground. A thick mantle is important, as this "thickness" insures protection. Four bushels of orchard grass are required for an acre, or any of the grasses with the same light chaffy seeds—such as blue grass or redtop. There should be for a strong permanent seeding, two bushels orchard grass, two of redtop, two of blue grass and one of meadow fescue. These grasses should be put in on land made as mellow as possible and free from clods and lumps. If necessary, it should be rolled several times and then harrowed, and the seed, after being well mixed, sown broadcast and covered with a brush harrow. If possible a light sprinkle of manure should be put on the surface and harrowed in with the last harrowing. In the absence of barn manure a liberal dressing of superphosphate would be good. No grain should be sown with the grass seed. It will pay in the end to give the grass seed the best chance. It is not a temporary crop that is wanted, but a lasting one. There must then be a good foundation, and the too common practice of late pasturing must not be followed. It will be safer to take all stock out of the permanent pasture the last day of September and let it get a start for its own protection in winter. I once killed seven acres of first orchard grass meadow by cutting the aftermath the last of October.—*F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune*.

Keeping Cabbage During Winter.

A Massachusetts farmer says: There are two methods of disposing of the cabbage crop:—One is to sell at the going price directly from the field, getting from 40 cents to \$1.00 per barrel, according to the market; this method gives very little if any waste, and makes very easy and clean trimming, and sometimes gives the best returns, for some years the price is as good when harvested in March or April following.

The other method is to hold the crop until winter or spring, and this makes storing necessary. The farmers of Draught practice storing in cellars, and a number of them have built large cellars expressly for this purpose, while others use their barn cellars or the basement of some outbuilding.

One of the largest of these storage cellars is about 60x40 feet and 10 feet high, built in a side hill with doors and shutters in the south side and a hen house in the roof above it; this cellar gives room for perhaps fifteen hundred barrels of cabbage, beside having one and partitioned off for storing three or four hundred barrels of onions; the cabbages are cut up about half way of the stump, the loose leaves trimmed off and the heads packed away in racks that are built from the floor to the top of the cellar; these racks are so arranged as to allow a passage every six feet or so and the heads are laid in only one deep on the shelves so as to allow frequent inspection and thorough circulation of air.

In such a cellar the cabbage can be taken out very conveniently at any time that the price is good enough to suit the owner, and if the temperature has been properly attended to will come out fresh and crisp, and bring a good price.

Another way of storing is to cut them up about half way of the stump if well headed, if loose pulp roots and all, and set them head up on grass ground and cover with pine shavings, oak leaves or with meadow hay, but it requires much more hay than leaves to keep them out of the frost. And still another way of bedding is practised by some of the gardeners near Boston, and by some seed growers, who pack them away in a broad shallow pit, cover with straw or hay, and then with dirt, and I have seen beds covered first with dirt and then with seaweed. The object being in all these different ways to cover them so as to keep them warm enough not to freeze much—a little freezing does no harm—and keep them cool enough not to heat and decay. This all seems simple enough, but when put in practice it is found quite difficult to make a perfect success of it.

Cabbage should be bedded in some well drained spot, for wet ground or standing water will draw frost, so it is necessary to have the rain find a quick passage from the bed or frost will often follow it down and spoil the cabbage. I have tried to make plain the different methods of keeping the crop, and now as to objects of keeping it, which are two—one to save valuable time at harvest and the other to gain money in the selling. Although there is sometimes a year when the price rises but little on account of an extra large crop or some such good reason, yet the price is generally much higher in winter and spring than when harvested, as was the case this last year, when the price rose from 50 cents per barrel in November to \$2.50 and \$3.00 per barrel in April and first week in May, although those who sold in January or February received only 75¢ to \$1.25. To know just when to sell it requires experience and a close watch-

ing of both the market and the supply; but the reward when you get it is sufficient to pay well for the work and expense incurred.

Experimental Potato Culture.

The Canadian *Farmers' Advocate* says, in a report of its editor's experiments in potato culture:

The great majority of reports that we have seen relating to relative quantities of seed potatoes planted are defective, for in them the number of bushels sown to the acre is not mentioned. The whole work being merely relatively stated loses considerably in value.

Last year, in our experiments with potatoes, we weighed out the same definite quantity of large, medium and small potatoes, planted them in rows three feet apart, the distance in the rows being 14, 12 and 10 inches respectively. Taking the average of ten sets of experiments, with ten different varieties, the small seed potatoes came out slightly ahead of the medium, and the medium sized gave slightly better results than the large seed, that is, on the whole, however, that the small seed occupied more than twice as much ground as the large. As it is generally not the seed planted, but the cultivation and interest, or rent of the land occupied by the crop, that incurs the greater expense, we must calculate the yield per acre, from which the calculation of seed sown is deducted, as a basis for comparison. Taking this view of it, the large seed gave a decidedly greater return, and was more profitable. We do not know of an experiment of this kind in which the average did not show an advantage in thick seeding.

Thicker seeding does not necessarily imply putting a larger amount of seed in hills far apart, but simply means planting more seed to the acre. Close planting with small pieces from large potatoes has given very good results as compared with the whole potato at larger intervals, but the experiments regarding this are limited, and are therefore not reliable. So far as we know, no reliable tests have been published to show whether it is better in planting a definite quantity of seed per acre, to use larger cut potatoes, or smaller whole seed.

At New York, an experiment was conducted to determine whether shade acted injuriously on a crop of potatoes. In this experiment potatoes were planted between rows of corn, far apart, and the result, compared with an equal number of rows without this shading, was in favor of those grown without the shade.

An observation made at the same station on the growth of potatoes after the tops commenced to die showed that the large potatoes increased very slightly, if any, while the small potatoes, with a diameter of one quarter of an inch, measured three-eighths of an inch through when the tops were completely dead.

We publish these results at this time of the year because experiments prove that in order to obtain the best results, to increase the standard of the variety, or to prevent it from deteriorating, it is necessary to select the seed when digging the potatoes from the hills that give the largest return, and if possible from those that contain the largest number of medium sized potatoes.

In looking over the large number of experiments conducted with potatoes, we find that several important points have been omitted, and it is our aim, in conducting our experiment station, to make the investigation more exhaustive, thereby making the results more practical.

Managing the Clutch Bug.

Says J. A. Truesdell, in the *Country Gentleman*: It is often stated that nothing seems to check the clutch bug but a wet season. It is true that a wet season destroys the pest. I remember an extremely wet harvest and fall in Wisconsin which was followed by an entire absence of bugs in next season. There is, however, a preventive that has been successfully used in many western localities. In sowing, leave a strip all around a ten acre field of wheat or other grain about a rod wide—two rods is better if the land can be spared—and as soon after sowing as the condition of the soil and the probabilities of weather will permit, sow thickly in drills ordinary field corn. If in a poor corn country mix in sweet corn, Yankee, or some of the so-called "Ninety-days" variety. If you can get a good stand of sowed corn growing by June 15, the bugs will do little harm to the enclosed grain field. By the time they have eaten through the strip of corn you will have harvested your wheat.

This plan of course, is for ground likely to be invaded, and not for that where the bugs have enjoyed themselves for one or two seasons and laid eggs. I have hundreds of acres of wheat cut two or three years in succession, where the men in binding their stations on the outside of a field alongside a line fence, would smell the bugs and declare they were in our grain. Yet they could not find a solitary bug. The smell came from the fields across the line. It sometimes happens that the bugs will eat the sowed corn clean by the end of harvest. Fall plowing in a wet year often kills the eggs laid in the strip of sowed corn. A heavy sowing of salt is a check, and if there is corn stubble left, burn it. If you can keep the bugs out the first year of their appearance and check them in the second, they are likely, in the average run of seasons, to encounter a wet period the third year, and disappear entirely. Drouth, heat and clutch bugs usually come together.

Wheat Raising.

How to secure a large yield of wheat the least possible expense is now an all-important question with the farmer, in the older States at least. In the vast area of the Western States and Territories, where the land is rich and comparatively fresh, this question is not forced upon the farmer, for he generally makes as much wheat as he can well take care of and get to market. Besides, his wants are few and simple, while, in the older States, where the land has been partially worn out, crops reduced, expenditures increased, and his wants multiplied, he must look to science or something else to help him out. He would like to raise a big crop of wheat, but he has not a sufficiency of barn yard manure to enable him to do so. What he wants to know now is the value of a substitute, and how best to use it. This will depend very much upon circum-

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stances. If you wish to raise grass (not clover) after the wheat, and there is a good supply of vegetable matter in the land, then freshly ground bone-meal is undoubtedly the best. But if you wish to follow the wheat with clover, then a superphosphate is preferable to bone-meal, in that it acts quicker, and in addition to the crop of wheat will produce good crops of wheat for several years thereafter. If, however, the land is so poor as to be unable of itself to produce either wheat or straw, then, by all means, use a first-class ammoniated phosphate containing not less than two per cent of P-ash. But if you fear an excess of straw and but little grain, then it would be perfectly useless to use a highly ammoniated fertilizer, but soluble phosphoric acid, as it has a tendency to make the berry plump as well as stiffen the straw. If there should be any fears of the wheat lodging badly, there is nothing will prevent it more readily than an application of 300 or 400 pounds of common salt, either to be sown broadcast or drilled in with the wheat, or it may be sown broadcast over the wheat at any time during the winter, with equally good results. In reference to manure, farmers are very often misled upon its being a lubricated with ground oyster-shells, plaster or other material and sold to the farmer as pure bone. Fresh bone, too, from the meat shops and cannery establishments, is worth double that of old bones that have been bleached in the sun for many years, such are found on the boundless plains of the West and gathered up to be ground into bone-meal. To sum up, then: As a rule, heavy lands require an ammoniated phosphate, while bottom lands, or those which contain a superabundance of vegetable matter, show better results from the application of plain superphosphate or bone-meal, unadulterated with other materials.—*German-town Telegraph*.

The Common Farmer as a Wool-Grower.
I do not wonder, says a correspondent of *Farm and Home*, at the farmer's failure as a wool-grower when we consider his education upon the subject. The real trouble is, few men know how to manage their flocks, or, knowing, put their knowledge into practice. If you will observe the treatment of flocks in most cases you will think that sheep, like weeds, will grow without care or cultivation; and so they will—and about as valuable as weeds. Sheep will live on very rough food and endure a great deal of exposure, and certainly they get about all they can stand of both at the hands of the common farmer. Upon the other hand no animal will respond more freely to kind treatment and good food than sheep. But neglect seems to be the great drawback to the farmer as a wool-grower; and because sheep fail to give returns under such treatment they are pronounced unworthy. The average fleece of wool does not weigh over four pounds and the average sheep does not yield more than 50 pounds of mutton, and that of an inferior quality. What if by improvement these fleeces should be raised to ten or even eight pounds and the growth of wool to seventy-five pounds? The difference in dollars and cents in the farmer's pocket would make him look with some degree of favor upon his flocks, besides the pleasure in knowing he had done something in the way of progression. Improvement is the one thing necessary in our flocks. Not that every farmer should have all thoroughbreds. That would not be profitable to all, but grade up the flock by the selection of the best common ewes and the purchase of thoroughbred bucks. A few extra dollars placed in a good buck will be returned greatly multiplied in the enhanced value of the lambs. No man can afford to disregard the quality of the buck he uses. My experience with sheep has taught me that they are profitable. Where farmers size their flocks according to their farms and facilities for caring for them they cannot fail to reap reasonable rewards.

Agricultural Items.

It is possible for the best box of butter exhibited at the fair to be held at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, to receive premiums amounting to \$45. This is something worth while. Exhibitors are required to fill out printed blanks, giving the particulars of manufacture, breed, etc.

T. B. TERRY says he has often, in his trips through the country, seen a good warm barn on a farm, and the cattle out doors, eating cornstalks or hay on the snow. This he thinks as sensible as for a man to carry an umbrella under his arm through a thunder shower without raising it.

PROF. STORER says a ration of 30 pounds of pumpkins per cow daily will increase the flow and improve the quality of milk. More than this quantity should not be given. Pumpkins are very cheap food, as a couple of tons can be grown to the acre with the corn crop. The seeds of the pumpkins ought to be removed before feeding.

A WISCONSIN farmer took his stock through a hard winter, after a dry summer, by storing every bit of corn fodder, putting all his straw under cover for feed, and buying liberally of wheat bran. His stock came through in good condition, and he made as much money as if forage had been more plentiful.

L. S. COPPIN tells farmers that it is a great mistake to think that they must keep the managers full of hay all the time. He says much less hay run through the feed cutter, mixed with ground grain, and moistened, will keep a horse in better condition than if fed twice the quantity without preparation.

A WESTERN dairyman has hit upon a very simple plan of warming water for his stock to drink in winter. He put an iron plate, say 18 inches square, on the bottom of his water tank, cutting away the wood, of course, where the iron was. Under this plate he used an oil stove. He says ten cents' worth of oil a day would warm the water for 60 cows up to 70 degrees or more.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says: "The question of good seed vs. labor has been answered on my farm this season in a most emphatic manner. First of spring found me buying Early Rose seed po-

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the
past week amounted to 199,977 bu., against
290,810 bu., the previous week and 300,755
bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Ship-
ments for the week were 316,305 bu., against
196,074 bu. the previous week and 125,875 bu.
the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks
of wheat now held in this city amount to
196,074 bu., against 707,037 bu. last week
and 1,923,675 bu. at the corresponding date
in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on
Sept. 13 was 31,210,890 bu., against 30,687-
127 the previous week, and 44,873,000 bu.
for the corresponding week in 1886. This
shows an increase from the amount reported
the previous week of 533,763 bushels.
The market has ruled quiet all week, and
it was a spasm of strength noted it
was always followed by depression and
weakness. Values have weakened on
both spot and futures, and the week closes
with more sellers than buyers at the de-
fined. Sales on spot and futures in this mar-
ket the past week were only 997,000 bu.,
less than half what they should be in ordi-
nary years. But receipts are light, farmers
not being willing to sell at present prices,
and the visible supply does not show the
increase usual at this season. The Chicago
and New York markets have also declined
slightly during the week, closing dull and
inactive. Cable advices were also unfavor-
able, the Liverpool and London markets
being quoted dull.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat in this market from
Sept. 1 to Sept. 17th inclusive:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Sept. 1.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 2.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 3.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 4.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 5.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 6.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 7.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 8.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 9.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 10.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 11.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 12.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 13.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 14.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 15.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 16.....	75 1/2	74 1/2
" 17.....	75 1/2	74 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various days each day of the past week were
as follows:

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Sept. 12.....	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2
" 13.....	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2
" 14.....	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2
" 15.....	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2
" 16.....	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2
" 17.....	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2

The past week has been an unusually dull
one in the grain trade. Several times there
was an apparent improvement in the tone of
reports, but this was always followed later
by depression and weakness. The move-
ment is light from interior points, but the
demand for export has fallen off considerably.
This was to be expected, now that the
European crop has been secured, and the
decrease will continue for some time, with
the probable effect of increasing the visible
supply materially if farmers decide to ac-
cept present prices and market their crop as
freely as usual. This we do not look for,
as in the Northwest the spring wheat is un-
doubtedly light, and with present prices

farmers could not sell and pay the expense
of putting their crop into market.
Foreign markets show little change, but
markets are quoted weak and dull. Rus-
sian wheat is said to be offering in the
English markets at prices below those asked
by American shippers. If so, the farmers
of that country must be accumulating
riches at a remarkable rate.

Upon the whole the present is a good time
not to sell. The market cannot get worse,
and there is a good chance for a consid-
erable improvement. We hope to see prices
much better than at present before the new
year comes around.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was
quiet with light demand. Quotations on
American wheat were 6s. 6d. @ 6s. 1d. per
cental for California; 5s. 11d. @ 6s. 0d. for
No. 2 winter, and 5s. 11d. @ 6s. 0d. for No.
3 spring.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 20,416 bu., against 13,775
bu. the previous week, and 10,138 bu. for
the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments
for the week were 4,873 bu., against 10,254 bu.
the previous week, and 8,867 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1886. The visible
supply of corn in the country on Sept. 10
amounted to 7,106,089 bu., against 6,386,850
bu. the previous week, and 13,633,865 bu.
at the same date in 1886. The visible supply
shows an increase during the week indicated
of 269,339 bu. The stocks now held in this
city amount to 13,975 bu., against 10,502 bu.
last week and 1,634 bu. at the correspond-
ing date in 1886. The market has slightly
improved during the week in consequence
of light stocks and decreasing receipts. Still
there is no disposition on the part of buyers to
invest to any extent either for spot or futures,
and speculative feeling is very light. Quo-
tations here are 41 1/2¢ for No. 2 spot, and 44¢
for September delivery. No. 3 spot sells at
41 1/2¢ per bu. It is believed by many that
the crop will finally turn out better than an-
ticipated in many of the corn States, but we
cannot believe that it will be large enough
to keep values up to their present range,
and think prices must inevitably advance
during the crop year. The manner in
which all kinds of stock is being forced into
market all through the west is a sure sign
of how farmers regard the outlook. At Chi-
cago the market weakened on Friday and
declined a few points. On Saturday it
dropped again, and at the close was 1 1/2¢ be-
low last week. Spot No. 2 sold there on
Saturday at 40 1/2¢ @ 40 3/4¢, September delivery
at 40 1/2¢, October at 40 1/2¢, November at 41¢
and May at 44 1/2¢. By sample No. 2
yellow sold at 42 1/2¢ @ 43 1/2¢, 41¢ for No. 3
yellow, 41 1/4¢ for No. 2, and 40 1/2¢ @
41 1/4¢ for No. 3. New York was dull and
heavy on Saturday, with prices showing a
decline of 1/2¢ @ 1/4¢, closing at lowest point
reached. At Liverpool corn was dull on
Saturday for both spot and futures. The fol-
lowing are the latest cable quotations: Spot
mixed, 4s. 2 1/2¢ per cental; September,
delivery, 4s. 2 1/2¢; October, 4s. 2 1/2¢, and
November at 4s. 3d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were
32,080 bu., against 29,590 bu. the previous
week, and 33,038 bu. for the corresponding
week last year. The shipments for the week
were 16,709 bu., against 35,293 bu. the pre-
vious week, and 47,565 bu. for same week
in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on
Sept. 10 was 4,287,518 bu., against 4,734,085
bu. the previous week, and 4,627,639 bu. at
the corresponding date in 1886. The visible
supply shows a decrease of 346,567
bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held
in store here amount to 21,288 bu., against
32,038 bu. the previous week, and 25,465
bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. Oats
are quiet but steady, with prices a shade high-
er than a week ago. No. 2 white are quoted
firm at 30¢ per bu., and No. 2 mixed at 27¢.
Business is largely of a local character, and
any improvement in the shipping demand
would make a Chicago market, as receipts are
not large. At the Chicago market closed dull
owing to the weakness in corn, but slightly
higher than last week. Spot No. 2 are quoted
there at 25 1/2¢, September delivery at 25 1/2¢,
October at 25 1/2¢, and May at 29 1/2¢.
Sales by sample were on the basis of 25 1/2¢ @
26¢ for No. 2 mixed, 27¢ @ 27 1/2¢ for No. 3
white and 27 1/2¢ @ 28¢ for No. 2 white. The
New York market is dull, and values show a
decline from the prices of a week ago.
Quotations there are as follows: No. 2
white at 34 1/4¢ @ 34 1/2¢; No. 3 do at
33 1/4¢ @ 33 1/2¢, and No. 2 mixed at 32 1/4¢ @ 33¢
per bu.; white western are quoted at 36¢
@ 40¢, and mixed do. at 33 1/4¢ @ 34 1/2¢ per bu.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

But little change has taken place in the
butter market since our last report. Prices
rule steady, with a fair quantity
of good stock offering. For such
butter there is a good demand at 16¢ @ 18¢ per
lb., with gilt-edged dairy commanding a
cent or two more. In creamery there has
been a fair trade at 24¢ @ 25¢ per lb. More
really choice dairy could be sold if it was
obtainable. At Chicago the market is quiet
and easy. Fancy creamery and choice dairy
butter was in moderate local request, but
everything else was slow and stocks are ac-
cumulating, except that packing stock was
taken readily. Fancy set milk creamery, 22¢ @
23¢ per lb.; fine Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois
do, 18¢ @ 20¢; fair do, 16¢ @ 17¢; medium do, 14¢
@ 15¢; low grades, 10¢ @ 11¢; fancy dairies, 16¢
@ 18¢; fair to good do, 13 1/2¢ @ 15¢; and ordi-
nary fair to do, 11¢ @ 12¢; common and pack-
ing stock, 12¢ @ 13¢; grease, 9¢. The New
York market has ruled dull all week, with
the trade in an unsatisfactory shape and
values lower. The Daily Bulletin says of
the market:

"The general market has continued to
present a dull and unsatisfactory appearance
all the week, and with supplies quite liberal
and stocks steadily accumulating, with
prospects of more or less deterioration in
quality by holding, receivers have shown
more anxiety to realize and offering conces-
sions wherever they thought it would at-
tract attention, even on the finest goods,
while all grades below fancy are practically
lower and uncertain. A few special marks
of gilt-edged Western creamery, which are
kept for a regular trade and not offered on
the open market, reach 24¢ from buyers who
want to run on some uniform quality, but
strictly fancy goods are freely offered on the
open market at 23¢ @ 23 1/2¢ and leaving fancy

there is a drop to 19¢ @ 20¢, and free sellers
at that, including some lots that are almost
fancy. State creamery pails have shown
further accumulation, and 24¢, though ask-
ed, is an extreme figure and can easily be
shaded by close buyers. Western packings
have ruled very dull all the week, the foreign
advises not holding out any inducements to
exporters, and the continued absence of de-
mand has caused a weaker tone, and stock
is offered at lower prices, without resulting
in attracting any unusual attention."

Quotations in that market on Saturday
were as follows:

Western Creamery, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢

WESTERN STOCK.

Western Creamery, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢
Western Creamery, State, fancy	24 1/2¢

CHEESE.

The market is less active, and shows some
symptoms of weakness on account of the
unfavorable position at other points. So
far no change has taken place in prices, but
it is safe to say values will be shaded if the
trade does not improve at leading points.
Quotations here are 12¢ @ 12 1/2¢ for full cream
Michigan, 10¢ @ 11¢ for Ohio, and 12¢ @
13¢ for New York. At Chicago an excellent
local trade has kept stocks of good cheese
well cleaned up and values steady. Nothing
is wanted but fine goods. Quotations
are as follows: Choice full cream cheddars,
11¢ @ 11 1/2¢ (flat in a box), 11 1/2¢ @ 11 3/4¢ per
lb.; and Young Americans, 11¢ @ 11 1/2¢.

The New York market, though irregular early in
the week, finally braved up, and at the close
the tone was greatly improved. Holders
were enabled to secure a shade higher
prices on choice makes, and feel more hope-
ful than for ten days past. The volume of
business, however, is not up to expec-
tations, and shippers are inclined to wait de-
velopments before making any large pur-
chases. The Liverpool market rules steady
at the same figures as a week ago. The N.
Y. Daily Bulletin says of the outlook:

"The whole thing therefore seems to set-
tle itself right down into a waiting market,
against the decision as to whether buyers
will come in and break the sort of dead-lock
by submitting to rates asked, or whether
factories will finally come to the conclu-
sion that they have a pretty good thing
in any case, and let their accumulations
slide in order to make room for the fall
product. If anything, the latter view of the
situation is most generally accepted of late,
though no one seems to think a very heavy
shrinkage on cost will be necessary in order
to open the outlet. At the close to-day
the market remains quiet and without
special noteworthy feature except that the
bulk of the fresh supply will be sold off and
prices maintained steadily on all really pre-
ferred quality goods, white and colored now
selling close together, or at the best only
a 1/2¢ premium on the latter. There is also
a little better showing for the home trade,
and that encourages some operators
who cater to that outlet."

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WOLF.

While it cannot be said that the eastern
markets have improved to any extent, yet it
is apparent that there is a firmer feeling
among sellers, and the belief is becoming
general that the worst days of the wool
market are over for some time. The Boston
Commercial Bulletin, in its review of the
market, says:

"There is a slightly firmer feeling and
the trade feels somewhat encouraged. There
have been some fairly large sales this week,
but where a large sale will be secured is
open to a manufacturer who has money on
hand. Where it is necessary for the pur-
chaser to borrow money, the present condi-
tion of the money market renders him rather
chary. Holders of wool that have kept their
wool until the present time seem more dis-
posed to hold it firm. It is expected that
the improved condition of the goods market
will have a good effect upon the wool mar-
ket."

The worsted manufacturers feel a little
easier and our yarn manufacturers who shut
down when 70 cents could be obtained for
36's would not start their mills until 7 1/2¢
cents could be obtained. They now have
orders for all they can manufacture the next
three months at that price. If the worsted
industry starts up it will improve the wool
market very materially."

Fine wools are doing better, or at least
are held more firmly. Ohio and Pennsylv-
ania X's wools are quoted in that market
at 33¢, Ohio X at 32¢, Ohio 1 at 36¢ @ 37¢,
and fine Ohio delaine at 35¢. In Michigan
wool quotations are 30¢ @ 31¢ for X, 33¢
@ 34¢ for delaine, and 35¢ @ 36¢ for No. 1.
Foreign wools are quiet, stocks being light
and of poor quality.

At Boston the past week the sales aggre-
gated 1,351,700 lbs. of domestic and 70,500
lbs. of foreign, as compared with 1,673,500
lbs. of domestic and 50,000 lbs. of foreign
the previous week, and 4,410,800 lbs. of
domestic and 410,000 lbs. of foreign during
the corresponding week in 1886. The aggre-
gate receipts in that market the past week
were 7,747 bales domestic and 1,630
bales foreign, against 4,505 bales domestic
and 2,138 bales foreign the previous week,
and 5,414 bales domestic and 1,511 bales
foreign for the corresponding week in 1886.

The New York market has also shown a
disposition to firm up under improved con-
ditions in the woolen goods markets. The
U. S. Economist says of the market:

"The active movement in woolen and
worsted goods during the month of Septem-
ber thus far has been very encouraging to
the trade in general, and operates as a bar-
rier against the downward tendency of the
market. This is well, for the wool trade
everywhere in this country has been sluggish
and depressed for the past three months, and
very heavy losses have been sustained. Ac-
cording to a regular trade and not offered on
the open market, reach 24¢ from buyers who
want to run on some uniform quality, but
strictly fancy goods are freely offered on the
open market at 23¢ @ 23 1/2¢ and leaving fancy

adapted to the wants of manufacturers. On
all the Ohio and Michigan wools there
is a loss of 2¢ @ 3 cents a pound, and
2 1/2¢ @ 3 cents a pound on fine
medium Texas, California, etc. Even 3¢
extra choice fleeces, which brought 150 cents
cash on board the cars in the west, and
ought to bring 40 cents on the seaboard to
pay a fair profit, can only be sold with
difficulty at this price on time."

This emphasizes what we have before re-
marked, that those who sold in June or
early in July did a good thing. The Phila-
delphia Textile Association's estimates of
the wool clip of the country this year is
361,000,000 pounds, including 299,000,000
pounds unwashed and 52,000,000 washed,
as against 382,000,000 pounds reported from
the same source last year. This statement
shows a falling off of 21,000,000 pounds as
compared with 1886, and a loss of 33,000,000
pounds since 1884 is announced.

In its review of the markets the past
week *Bradstreet's* says of wool:

"Business continues of moderate propor-
tions in all the Eastern markets. Prices are
well sustained, though the bulk of the last two
or three weeks, and though they are in buy-
ers' favor there are no symptoms of any
further decline. In some quarters, indeed,
a little improvement in tone is reported.
Most of the manufacturers who take supplies
now call for prompt shipment, indicating
that stocks at the mills are relatively small.
Still there is no general disposition to de-
part from the long-continued and very suc-
cessful policy of buying for near-by require-
ments. A good deal of wool, particularly
the finer descriptions, is still held in the
country by farmers or speculators and is not
pressed for sale. These sorts are as cheap
as they have been for several years, and
though no one seems to think a very heavy
shrinkage on cost will be necessary in order
to open the outlet. At the close to-day
the market remains quiet and without
special noteworthy feature except that the
bulk of the fresh supply will be sold off and
prices maintained steadily on all really pre-
ferred quality goods, white and colored now
selling close together, or at the best only
a 1/2¢ premium on the latter. There is also
a little better showing for the home trade,
and that encourages some operators
who cater to that outlet."

The London wool sales are progressing
favorably for sellers, and all desirable wools
are selling well up. Americans are not bid-
ding, as prices are too high."

Current quotations for leading descrip-
tions of wool are as follows, in comparison
with a year ago:

Sept. 17, '86.	Sept. 16, '87.
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢
Ohio and Pennsylvania X's	31 1/2¢

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The Chicago Tribune says that private
cable dispatches to parties in that city state
that American wheat is held too high in the
British markets, as is Russian wheat is under-
selling it. B. it the business thus far is dis-
appointing. A party in the trade figures up that
45,000,000 bu. have left the Atlantic seaboard
since the beginning of July, and the total
is increased to over 60,000,000 bu. by the
shipments from the Pacific coast in the
same time. That is equivalent to saying
that half of the United States surplus from
the crop this year has gone out of the coun-
try in the last ten weeks, being only one-
fifth of the twelve months.

Poetry.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

There is a pause between the day and darkness,
Between the sunlight and the soft moon-
beams;
A quiet hour to open memory's flood-gates,
And let the past roll back in silent streams.
The daily tasks that weary and discourage,
Vanish like mist before the morning sun;
The burdens of the day are lifted from the
heart,
And quiet comes, just as the day is done.
Hear the hum of voices, long years silent,
That echoed through the halls of childhood's
home;
Catch the fragrance of the woodland blossoms,
That grew where happy children loved to
roam.
Hear the echo of departed footsteps,
The hards, long folded, o'er mine seem to
meet;
A cry, with heart full of hope and longing,
What is the charm that makes old things so
sweet?
Why must the heart in bitter pain and hunger,
Yearn for the treasures which to-day are
thine?
When will thy chattering lead me closer to thee?
When shall I truly say: "Thy will, O Lord,
not mine?"
The answer, Peace! the loving Father knoweth
The human heart in all its joy and strife;
Ours is the trembling of the healing water floweth,
Drink from the fountain of eternal life.
Be given life, love, beauty, all life's sweetness;
Only its sorrows, sins and human frailties
Shall vex and taint thine aching heart no
more.
Serve Him with loving heart and earnest pur-
pose,
Press onward with true courage toward the
heights,
And there with psalms of gladness and thank-
sgiving,
Tell how he comforted "between the lights."
—Lou P. Barrett.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

All quivering like the tender leaf
When storms around prevail—
My frame shook like an anxious thief
Who hears disclosed his tale.
Yet in the trembling of my heart
I felt unwelcome bliss;
And through the fears that inward start,
The joy of Love's first kiss.
Though I see fanned my cheek before,
And fond caresses warmed;
To that that I resemble bore
Which all my soul alarmed;
'Tis true they stir'd my nature oft,
But nothing like this;
They were not half so warm and soft,
So sweet as Love's first kiss.
Ah, then the rapture lingered long,
And lulled my heart to rest
As doth the melody of song
When tunelessly expressed;
'Mid earthly hopes and fears and strife
My heart bathed in bliss;
That nothing clings so long to life
As our true Love's first kiss.

Miscellaneous.

Arctic Cold.

A person who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of arctic travelers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out of doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as at least 60 degrees above zero we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to 35 degrees below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which burned there. The temperature was 35 degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt odd shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful false-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside of it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that the spirit of adventure is so strong in some men that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.

No Cowboys Wanted.

Here is a little bit of advice from a journal which knows what it is talking about, the Rocky Mountain Husbandman:
"There is throughout the east a large number of young men who desire to come west to lead the life of cowboys. They have been reading the newspaper stories of their doings, and thirst for the experience. But if they really knew what it was they would certainly cease their longings. The matter of 'painting a town red' might be pleasant enough, but the long hours in the saddle on the wet, the drenching by rain, sleeping in wet blankets, etc., can scarcely compensate for the little fun in town once or twice a year. In a business sense it is the most unwholesome life we know of. There is at best but few months' work in the year, and the wages are not sufficient to support one the year round, and there is no demand for this class of labor. There are plenty of native born Montanians who have homes in the country and can otherwise engage themselves, when not on the round-up, to do what work is required. At last, but not least, the business is going to the wall, and it is a poor policy to adopt a profession or a trade, the palmy days of which are over. It is well enough for the young Montanian to spend a few months on the range if he wishes, but it would be a poor thing for young America to leave a comfortable home and come west for a life of so little promise."

Adventures of Tad;

OR THE

RAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAPTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER IX.

The spruce-bushes parted suddenly; but, instead of disclosing the form of a ferocious bear, nothing more formidable than the good-humored features of Joe Whitney, adorned with an expressive grin, was revealed. There were traces of recent tears on his freckled face; yet mirth beamed from his eyes, and it was evident that the recent punishment had not had a very depressing effect on his animal spirits.
"Thought I was a bear, didn't you, Tad?" he remarked, laughing. And Tad, too much relieved at the prospect of companionship to feel very angry, answered, with a feeble smile, that he was kind of startled, and made haste to change the subject.

"I've got seven trout, but they're awful small," said Tad, producing his catch, with a rather disconsolate air. Joe started, whistled and then roared.
"Why, you goose!" he shouted, "so good-naturedly that it was impossible to be angry with him, 'those ain't trout—they're chubs!'"
Poor Tad felt tremendously mortified, but speedily forgot his mortification in real honest admiration of a string of trout—the largest of which would not weigh quite a quarter of a pound—that Joe brought out, together with an alder pole, from the thicket where he had enacted the bear.

"I dug some bait on the way, and caught these little fellows coming along," explained Joe, as he held them up before his companion's admiring gaze.
"Oh, wouldn't I like to catch just one trout!" sighed Tad; and Joe stoutly assured him not to worry—he'd put him up to catching more than one—perhaps half a dozen—before they returned.

"Did it hurt you very much?" inquired Tad, presently, with delicate reference to the cause of his companion's detention.
"The pasteboard wasn't quite low down enough," said Joe, mournfully, and Tad asked no further questions.
"Father didn't flog me for just having a little fun with you and Miss Smith," Joe went on after a short pause, "but because he said I as good as lied when I made her think that you was deaf, and you think that she was."

"Well," returned Tad, hesitatingly, "I don't know—you didn't mean to say what wasn't true, any way."
"No," said Joe, frankly; "I didn't! I hate a square up and down lie as bad as the next one; but, come to study on it over, I guess we fellows don't stop to think long enough, sometimes, I do, and I'm going to try and stop it."

This was quite an admission for Joe, who was generally very chary of acknowledging his faults. But he had begun to feel a strong boyish affection for his companion, and spoke more openly to him than he was in the habit of doing.
"But what made you so long getting here?" asked Tad, breaking the little silence that followed.
"Why, after father—got through with me," returned Joe, while a humorous smile began to hover about his mouth, "he set me churning, and went off down town on an errand. Mother, she was sent for to go over to Miss Emory's," said Joe, rubbing his shoulders, "I thought my arms would just unglue out of the sockets before the butter came. Well, Nell, she took the butter down into the cellar kitchen to work it, and forgot to emp' the churn (as mother always does), and whilst she was down there," continued Joe, whose smile had begun to broaden, "I saw father coming up the walk, so what does I do but get hold of the churn-dasher again. Father, he came in. 'There, my son,' he says, 'I guess you've been punished enough—you can go now,' and then he took the churn-dasher right out of my hand. 'If mother hasn't got back, or if Nell don't come up-tairs,' added Joe, with an irrepressible snicker, 'I expect likely he's churning butter-milk now.'"

As Tad knew rather less than a Hot-tent regarding the mysteries of churning, the point of Joe's little joke was not perfectly clear to his own mind. And perhaps, on second thought, Joe might have remembered that the tacit deception practiced toward his father was not exactly in keeping with his professed penitence of a moment or two previous, for he made no attempt to enlighten his companion, but, taking up his pole, said, rather hastily, that he guessed they'd better be getting toward home, as it was considerably past dinner-time.

About half-way down Mill brook were the ruins of an old saw-mill. Here, among the great timbers below the dam, the water made deep eddies and shady nooks, where trout love to lie in the heat of the day.
"Throw in there, Tad," said Joe, pointing to a spot where the dark water rushed around the end of the broken flume like a mill-race.

Tad secretly thought that any trout venturesome enough to trust himself in such a swift current would be swept down stream in a twinkling. But he obeyed, and—
Good gracious! had a sturgeon or a young whale seized his bait? His line went cutting through the dark waters, and the top of the alder pole bent ominously.

Tad knew nothing about playing a trout, and if he had it would have made no difference, owing to his primitive fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously; so did the trout, and "snap!" went the end of the alder pole, leaving Tad in a

mad frenzy of excitement, with three-fourths of the rod in his hands, dancing madly on the rocks.
Joe was equal to the situation. Dropping his own pole, he made a dive



EQUAL TO THE SITUATION.

for the broken fragment, which was floating in sight. Gathering the slack line carefully in his hands, a vigorous tug landed high and dry the largest trout ever caught in Mill brook.
"There!" Joe exclaimed, as Tad regarded his prize in an amazement too deep for words, "you've caught the one real trout you've wanted to—now, I guess we'd better be getting home, without doing any more fishing."

"All right," returned Tad, mournfully, "but you caught him, after all, Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that Tad looked him first, while he—Joe—only helped to bring the big fish safe to land. And, in the discussion of the exciting episode, the walk home was accomplished in a surprisingly short time.
Tad's big trout was baked for supper, and it was generally agreed by the four who partook thereof that the flavor was particularly fine. Tad himself secretly thought he had never eaten anything so delicious in his whole life. But it is not unlikely that the knowledge that he himself had furnished this important adjunct to the evening meal gave it an additional relish for Tad.

By this time Tad had begun to feel very much at ease with these quiet, home-like people. As they gathered about the open fire-place, with its smoldering back-log, after the tea-lighting was cleared away, and the big kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened his heart to their kindly questioning and spoke freely of his past life. There was really little or nothing to keep back, for, as I have said, thanks to the memory of his mother's teachings and a natural uprightness of character, Tad had escaped the evil ways of a homeless, friendless boy so apt to fall into, and though he had faults in abundance, he was, on the whole, a more upright young fellow than many whose surroundings and advantages had been far more favorable than Tad's.

"So you're to begin ship's duties to Miss Smith on Monday—eh, Tad?" remarked the Captain, thoughtfully, to break a little silence which had fallen upon the group.
"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I do hope she'll like me."
"She'll be hard to suit if she don't," returned Mrs. Flagg, clicking her needles emphatically together as they flashed in and out of the meshes of a blue yarn sock that she was knitting for the Captain. For the good lady, whose heart was large enough to take in at least half a dozen motherless boys and girls, had begun to regard Tad with considerable favor.

"I know she'll like you," said Polly, confidently, as she looked up from the fascinating pages of "Little Women," which she was reading for the first time, while Bouncer lumbered peacefully in her lap.
"You just go on and do your duty unto Miss Smith accordin' as you'd have it done to you, Tad," remarked the Captain, graciously, "and you needn't have no fears. Miss Smith," continued Captain Flagg, with upraised finger to command attention, "is a female that's had a tempestuous 'y're in life, as it were, a-losing of every relation she had, which has gone to make her a bit cranky; but she's good-hearted and God-fearin', and once you get into her good books, you're always there."
"They say she's got a han'sum property that her folks left her—some-where's nigh ten thousand dollars," Mrs. Flagg observed, in a voice indicative of considerable respect for the possessor of such wealth. For in Bixport the person with an unencumbered estate and a thousand dollars was "well-to-do"; he who had five thousand was well off; while the owner of ten thousand dollars was regarded in the light of a millionaire.

CHAPTER X.

On the following morning, when Tad, having opened his eyes to the glad sunlight which streamed in at the east window of his little room, began to pull his drowsy ideas together, he remembered that it was Sunday.

"They'll want me to go to church, and I don't look decent," thought Tad, disconsolately, with a glance in the direction of the chair where he had placed his threadbare clothing the night before.

But what was this? A partly worn suit of serviceable tweed cloth—the very counterpart of that in which Joe Whitney was arrayed when he sprang aboard the "Mary J.," hung over the chair-back. And that was not all. In the chair itself lay all the other essentials of a boy's toilet, neatly folded, even to a coarse white linen collar, a whisk of black neck-ribbon, a pair of but little used lace-up boots, and a "second-best" straw hat.

Scarcely able to believe the evidence of his astonished eyes, Tad slipped out of bed and proceeded to investigate. On the top of the pile was a bit of paper, whereon, in an irregular, boyish scrawl, were written the words: "To Pay for makin' Miss Smith think you was deaf and playin' in a bare—J. Whitney."

After Tad had gone to bed on the previous evening, Mrs. Flagg slipped over to Deacon Whitney's, and ably seconded by the special pleadings of Joe, succeeded in enlisting the full sym-

paties of the family in behalf of shabbily-dressed Tad. Joe's wardrobe was overhauled, and a selection made, resulting in the surprise to Tad which I have mentioned.

"Well, he's what I call a nice-looking boy," was Mrs. Flagg's inward comment, as Tad, with hair neatly combed and face and hands scrubbed till they fairly shone, came shyly downstairs dressed in his new suit.

Polly smiled upon him approvingly; the Captain remarked that he didn't know about taking such a dandified-looking chap to church along of such plain-dressed folks as the Flagg family; and Mrs. Flagg gave him a motherly kiss.

"That's so much like Joe," laughed Polly, as the display of the paper which Tad had found with his little gift necessitated an explanation of Joe's previous performances.
"Always remember, Tad," counseled the Captain, with a grave shake of the head, as they sat down to the table together, "what Solomon says about a wise son makin' a glad father—and he that is not warned thereby is not wise," concluded Captain Flagg, who was sometimes a little hazy in the correctness of his quotations.

After breakfast, the Captain read a chapter from the New Testament aloud,



"WELL, HE IS WHAT I CALL A NICE-LOOKING BOY."

making comments upon the text, for the edification of Tad and Polly, who listened with respectful attention. And then, after awhile, at the summons of the rather unmusical church-bell, the whole family decorously made their way to the meeting-house, close by.

The Bixports were, generally speaking, a church-going people; and, on the pleasant April morning of which I speak, the church was well filled.

To Tad's secret joy, Deacon Whitney's pew was next Captain Flagg's, and soon he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing Joe filing in ahead of his sister, followed by Mrs. Whitney and the deacon. Joe sat at the extreme end, and thus the two boys were divided only by the slight partition between the pews.

Joe greeted Tad with a wink, and clasping his hands together, rolled his eyes upward, as though in rapturous astonishment at Tad's festive appearance.
"I think you're just as good as you can be, and I wish I had something to give you," whispered Tad, warmly.
"Poh, that's all right," returned Joe, brushing his shoulders carelessly; and a whispered conversation ensued, which was only checked by the entrance of the minister; whereat Joe, duly admonished by a poke of his sister's fan, and a glance of mild rebuke from the deacon, subsided into a temporary apathy, with his hands being plunged deeply into his pockets and his eyes fixed steadfastly upon good Mr. Allen.

But, I am sorry to say, Joe's thoughts were by no means in keeping with the place. He was cherishing, and even planning, a dire revenge on unconscious Samantha Nason—who sat just directly in front of him, in Miss Smith's pew—for what he called her "tattling" of the previous day.

The service proceeded in the good old-fashioned way peculiar to country churches. All denominations worshipped under the same roof, and Mr. Allen's words were but a plain and simple talk about the lessons taught by one who once walked upon earth, and spoke as never man spoke. There was very much in it that Tad perfectly understood, and, as he listened, a dim desire to fashion his young life after the teachings of the great Master began to take form in his mind. True, it was only embodied in the simple thought, "I'll try to be a better boy," yet from such beginnings oftentimes comes the real success of a true Christian life.

And when the sermon closed Tad felt that he should never be tired of listening to a minister who made things as plain as did Mr. Allen.

Now, it was Samantha Nason's inviolable habit to sit through the singing, while the others rose. "I work hard all the week, and I'm going to make Sunday my day of rest," said Samantha once, a little defiantly, "an' I guess I can worship the Lord as well settin' down as standin' up."

As the closing hymn was being sung, Tad noticed that Joe, who all through the service had kept his right hand persistently in his pocket, slowly withdrew it, though without removing his eyes from the pages of the hymn-book, and, seemingly holding something in his grasp, slipped his closed hand gently along on the ledge of the pew before him, till it was in close proximity to the back of Miss Nason's neck. Then he stole a sly glance in the direction of his father and mother, who were too intent upon following the words of the hymn (in which their daughter Nellie's voice arose as clear and sweet as the notes of a woodland bird) to notice the movements of their son. Slowly Joe's fingers unfolded, and after a moment his hand stole back to a place beside its fellow.

"Now what is he up to?" thought Tad, warned by the shadowy grin on Joe's features. And, following the direction of his friend's eyes, Tad's unspoken question was answered. Clumsily clambering over the back of the prim ruffe about Miss Nason's neck was a brown wood-beetle, as big as the end of Tad's little finger. But before he could decide what to do Miss

Nason bounced to her feet with a stifled exclamation, and clutched frantically at her back hair. Unfortunately she caught hold of the innocent beetle itself, and, giving vent to a shrill scream that made the rafters of the house ring, she threw it violently from her, to the great consternation of every one in the house, many of whom imagined Miss Nason had discovered a mouse in the pew.

Mr. Allen pronounced the benediction and dismissed his congregation. And naughty Joe Whitney, holding his cap before his face, choked and gasped, in the agonies of suppressed laughter, all the way to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

The promise of April had given place to the fulfillments of June, filling the air with summer sunshine and beauty. Tad, under the supervision of Miss Smith, whose angular features were shaded by an immense garden-hat, was weeding the pansy-bed in the front yard. Miss Smith, who was a great flower-lover, made somewhat of a specialty of cultivating sweet-peas and pansies, which she gave away in their season with a liberal hand.

You would hardly have recognized Tad in the brown-faced boy, in blue overalls, bending lovingly over the quaint, upturned flower-faces that peered into his own. He had taken to his new vocation with surprising readiness, and Miss Smith secretly congratulated herself on having at last found a boy after her own heart, though she seldom allowed her satisfaction to show itself in the form of words.

"Here comes that Forrest chap again," muttered Miss Smith, discontentedly, as she glanced toward an elaborately-dressed young man who was sauntering along the elm-shaded street; "I wish he'd kept away about his own business, and not come idling round, taking your attention off'n your work."

For Mr. Paul Forrest was one of John Doty's city boarders, who had scraped an acquaintance with Tad very soon after coming to Bixport. He seemed to take a singular interest in Tad, which, as he explained to Miss Smith, arose from the boy's strong resemblance to his youngest and only brother, who had died a year previous—"the last one, excepting myself, of a family of seven," he said, with a sad smile. For Mr. Forrest did a great deal of smiling, first and last; and, curious enough, Tad, in some vague way, was reminded by it of the genial Mr. Jones, whom he had met in Boston, before coming to Bixport. Of course, this was simply an absurd fancy on his part. The fraudulent Jones was a smooth-faced young man, with gold-tipped teeth—while Mr. Paul Forrest sported a very glossy black mustache, that had a purplish tinge in certain lights, and the whitest and most even teeth that were ever seen outside a dentist's establishment; neither was Mr. Forrest's white forehead, that Tad had noticed upon the intellectual brow of Jones. Yet, all the same, he often unconsciously connected the two in his mind, even while he laughed at his own folly in so doing.

"Miss Smith, good-morning—Tad, my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Forrest, with his effusive smile, as he lounged idly up the garden-path, and with a coolness peculiar to himself, sat down on the edge of the garden piazza.
Miss Smith stiffly acknowledged the greeting, and Tad, glancing up shyly, said he was pretty well. He was a little flattered by Mr. Forrest's evident interest in himself—though he was not quite sure that he liked it, after all. He had nothing in common with the city-bred gentleman, and was rather puzzled to know what Mr. Forrest could have in common with himself.

"Come into the house after you get through weeding, Tad; I want you," said Miss Smith, stalking past the unabashed Mr. Forrest, who sat quite at ease, with the ivory head of his cane between his lips.
"Yes'm," was the meek reply, and Tad silently continued his work, wishing that Mr. Forrest would go, for he was very well aware that Miss Smith did not at all approve of the gentleman's frequent visitations.

In a small village like Bixport, where every body's business is public property, the story of Tad and his traveling sachel was generally known, as was also the fact that no attention had ever been paid to Captain Flagg's advertisement. So it was not strange that Mr. Forrest should be in possession of the same knowledge. He had referred to the matter casually in conversation with Tad, declaring that it was a mighty interesting incident in real life—come, now!

"So you never opened the little alligator-skin sachel, to see what was in it—eh, Tad?" suddenly asked Mr. Forrest, after a short pause.

"Why, no, sir! I haven't a key—and, if I had, I don't think it would be just the thing, either," replied Tad, a little surprised at the unexpected question.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Mr. Forrest, coolly; "there might be something in it that would give you a clew to the real owner."
"That's true," murmured Tad, who had never thought of this before.

"I think it's your duty to try and open it," continued Mr. Forrest, seeing the impression he had made.

"But I couldn't without breaking the lock, and I should not like to do that," Tad answered, with a perplexed look.
"I suppose you keep it in your possession?" inquired Mr. Forrest, carelessly; and Tad nodded. "Then, why not bring the bag over to my room this evening—I dare say some of my keys will unlock it," suggested the gentleman, blandly.

"I'll think about it, sir," replied Tad, cautiously, for he was not quite sure that it would be just the right thing to do; and, moreover, he wanted to ask the advice of Miss Smith, in whose good judgment Tad had the firmest confidence, before taking any such decisive step.

"If there had been any thing of much value in it," Mr. Forrest observed, watching Tad closely, "the owner

would have been likely to have advertised in the city papers."

"Yes," returned Tad, "but then we shouldn't be any the wiser for that, down here in Bixport, for about the only city papers that come here are the *Congregationalist* and the *New England Farmer*."

"By George!" said Mr. Forrest, with a gay laugh, "my curiosity is considerably excited by that mysterious sachel. Look here, Tad!" he continued, with an extravagant display of teeth, "I'm one of the queerest fellows you ever saw, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a new clean ten-dollar bill for the bag without seeing it—unknown contents and all; what do you say?"
"Couldn't think of it, sir?" Tad replied, quietly.

"Fifteen? Well," he continued, gayly, as Tad shook his head resolutely, "what will you take? Twenty? Twenty-five?"
"Why, it isn't mine to sell, sir," was the same grave reply, and Mr. Forrest muttered something under his mustache in reference to "an obstinate young fellow," which Tad did not quite catch.

Further conversation on the subject was prevented by the sudden appearance of Polly Flagg, accompanied by Miss Whitney, on her way to school. Polly, who was a special favorite with Miss Smith, had permission to pick all the flowers she wanted. So, with a smile and nod to Tad, she began pulling a little bouquet of purple pansies for Miss Burbank, her teacher; while Joe, with one hand in his pocket, calmly munching a huge winter Baldwin, which he held in the other.

"Have a bite, Mr. Forrest," asked Joe, advancing the unbidden side of the apple, with easy familiarity.

To please the youth Mr. Forrest condescendingly and unthinkingly set his teeth in a portion of the tempting fruit. Joe jerked away his hand, suddenly, for some reason or other, and stood apparently transfixed with astonishment as he did so, for, inserted in the apple which he held was left a very nice set of false teeth.



THE TELL-TALE BITE.

With an inarticulate exclamation Mr. Forrest grasped the apple and, and vanished through the gate, leaving a small party of three convulsed with laughter, which was only checked by the appearance of Miss Smith, who condescended to smile grimly when she heard of the unfortunate occurrence.

"False teeth, yes!—and, likely enough, that mustache of his is false, too," sharply said the lady, who had taken an unaccountable dislike to Mr. Forrest from the very first time she had laid eyes on him. A suggestion which, taken in connection with the conversation of a few minutes before, made Tad unusually thoughtful for the rest of the day.

"If you take that riddle over to John Doty's you're a bigger fool than I think for," was Miss Smith's tart remark, when Tad spoke to her on the subject. "I'm free to confess," she continued, after a little, "that it mightn't be such a bad plan to open the bag, and see what's in it—that is, if Cap'n Flagg thinks it's the right thing to do," she added, for she had considerable respect for the Captain's judgment. But the Captain was away on a coasting trip; so the matter had to be deferred until his return, rather to the disappointment of Miss Smith, whose secret curiosity as to the contents of the bag had something to do with her suggestion.

So, when Tad again saw Mr. Forrest, he told him that he guessed he wouldn't do any thing about opening the sachel, for a while longer, at least—perhaps he might see it advertised in some of the city papers yet, if he could only get hold of the right one.

Mr. Forrest smiled unpleasantly, and said, rather sardoniously, that he had kept run of the city papers as constantly as most people, and, to his certain knowledge, no such advertisement had ever been published, nor would there ever be, as the owner was doubtless dead, or had long since given up the search of his lost property. Of course, Tad would do as he liked—it was nothing to him; and Tad noticed a decided chill in the tone and manner of the usually genial Forrest, as he turned away.

And yet, in spite of the gentleman's assertions as to the matter of the advertisement he carried in his inside pocket a copy of the Boston *Journal*, which contained a notice of considerable importance to Tad Thorne, could he but have known it.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a lovely Saturday afternoon, and, of course, a half-holiday for Bixport youth. Tad had been very busy all the forenoon, as Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Boston, had arrived the night before, and taken the spare room. They were very wealthy people, who had boarded with Miss Smith for three successive summers, finding in the quiet of this secluded village an enjoyment that no crowded watering-place could give them. Tad had seen very little of them, and only noticed that the lady was rather stout and pleasant-faced, while the gentleman was also stout and rather jolly. The name was curiously familiar, though, and he racked his brain in vain to think where he had heard it.

Tad always had his liberty on Saturday afternoon, and, borrowing Mr.

Kenneth's big, flat-bottomed boat, he had invited Joe Whitney, Polly Flagg and the dog Bounce to go after lilies in Bixport pond—a beautiful sheet of water, not far from Deacon Whitney's.

"There's Mr. Mason and his wife already," said Polly, glancing ashore, "they always put up some lunch and start for the pond just as soon as they get fairly settled at Miss Smith's."

"And there are those two Boston girls that are boarding at Widow Simpson's—with Mr. Forrest," added Joe, with a slight chuckle, as he remembered the ashore apple.

"Come ashore and have some lunch, young folks," called Mr. Mason, who was a great favorite in Bixport, because, as they say, "he nor his wife put on city airs, if they were worth half a million dollars."

So the boat was headed for the shore, and, as it touched the beach, Polly, with both hands full of long-stemmed, fragrant treasures, jumped ashore—followed, more slowly, by Tad and Joe.

"John, dear, will you look at those lovely lilies!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, and at the sound of her voice, it all came back to Tad—the Pullman car, and the night journey to Boston behind Mrs. John G. Mason's car, sheltered by Mrs. John G. Mason's cloak. How funny it was to be sure!

The little party gathered round the lunch-basket, under the shade of some delightfully tall pines, and began to discuss a rather substantial lunch. At a little distance were the Misses Baker, two very nice girls of culture, from Boston—and, having said this, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the younger were eye-glasses, and had brought a volume of Ruskin for light reading, while her sister, with artistic tendencies, was seated under a large white umbrella before an easel, making a sketch of Bixport pond in oils. Mr. Forrest, who represented himself as one of the first families of New York, was most elaborately dressed in a cool and becoming boating suit of cream-colored flannel; and when he arose from a very green mossy log on which he had been sitting, the effect of color was so striking as to draw an audible snort from the observant Joe Whitney.

"Say, Mr. Forrest," he called, "I wouldn't set down much in them white clothes—they're all streaked up behind now; besides, there's lots of bumble-bee-nests round here."

Mr. Forrest, who had turned very red, did not receive the suggestion in a kindly spirit.

"Young man," he said, loftily, "allow me to say that your coarse familiarity is very unpleasant—the goodness to attend to your own affairs."

"All right," replied Joe, with a wink of exquisite meaning directed to Polly, who shook her head at him warningly, and, after another attack on the eatables, he sat in silent meditation.

"Got a pin, Polly?" he asked, in a low tone of voice, as he wiped a lingering crumb or two from his lips with his coat-sleeve.

"What do you want of it?" suspiciously returned Polly.

"Why—I want it!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Here's one, Joe," said Mr. Mason, with, I regret to say, a somewhat humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Now, John!" expostulated his wife, as Joe, taking it, rose to his feet and strolled off, "what made you—you know that boy is always up to some kind of mischief."

But Mr. Mason, who had stretched himself at ease on the green sward, with his straw hat over his face, seemed suddenly to have fallen into a deep sleep, not unaccompanied by an occasional snore; so Mrs. Mason, leaning back against a tree-trunk, fanned herself languidly, and chatted with Polly, who was making a lily-weath for her shade-hat, while Bounce lay looking on with lazy interest. Tad, hugging his knees, which were drawn nearly up to his chin, sat a little distance off,

THE DEPREDATING HEN.

of all the things in nature that afflict the sons of men, there is nothing that I know of beats the depredating hen; and if you see a wild-eyed woman, firing brick bats at you from the shed, you can bet a hen has busted up her little flower bed, and she scratches, she cackles and she hatches, and forty thousand cowboys couldn't keep her in a pen. She was set on earth to fret us, to exorcise the leisure. She's a thoroughgoing nuisance, is the depredating hen. I threw a brick and missed her, as she hustled on my heels. But Julius Caesar's statue was smashed to smithereens. I saw her digging rifle-pits where I'd put my garden. I fired a good sized rock and hit my hired man on the shin. She's all bounds and shackles, she giggles and she cackles. She makes me say some angry things I haven't time to pen. I argued bad language, but now I'm filled with anguish. I've broke the record, through that depredating hen. She's throughout my cabinet there floats a passing snail. And the reason for that perfume I'm very hard to sell. I've spent this morning, saw my cabbage and a wreck. I might that depredating hen, and I'm fiercely warring her neck. I hear her cack and crackle, no more she'll scratch and cackle. I made my summer garden look like a pigsty. She's far too long has bossed me, she's far too much has cost me. I've at lanchon time to-day a hundred-dollar hen.

—The Khan.

An Insect Fight.

C. H. Rockwood, Jr., writes as follows in *Science*, August 19, 1887: An observation quoted by Prof. Morse in a address before the American Association of Entomologists is so exactly confirmed by a recent observation of my own, that it seems worth while to put it on record. While sitting in a hammock, slung between two maple trees on the lawn, I heard a loud buzzing and fall of something behind me, and looking around, I saw on the grass a locust (cicada) in the grasp of a dragonfly, evidently of the wasp family, which I am not sufficiently well posted in entomology to name. It had brown legs, and a large abdomen colored black and brown with white spots. The whole length of the insect was about thirty or forty millimeters. When first seen, the struggling locust was on its back; the dragonfly extended above its head, and was busily playing its stinging between the abdominal joints of the locust. The locust quickly became quiet, and then the wasp, maintaining its former position, which it held at any time of abandon, grasped the end of the locust by the middle pair of legs, and using the other four legs for locomotion, started to drag it through the short grass toward one of the trees. There was hesitation or uncertainty, but the wasp moved at once in a straight line for the wasp tree. On reaching the tree, the wasp laid it without pause to carry its burden to trunk, using its four legs for walking, before, and assisting itself to sustain the weight of the locust by putting its wings in motion. In this way, with a few brief pauses as if to rest and get better hold, in which it hung for a moment apparently by one leg, the locust was carried up among the branches of the maple, some twenty feet or so, where it became difficult to follow its motions. After reaching such a height, the wasp flew off in a straight line through the branches, and out of sight. I think it carried the locust in its mouth, but the height was so great I could not be positive. At any rate, the locust did not fall to the ground, although, as the wasp's light started from a tree in a line, it is possible that the locust was left in the crotch. The whole incident was a perfect understanding on the part of the wasp, of what he proposed to do, and the carrying out of a premeditated plan of procedure without any stopping to think he would do next. The only pause was in going up the trunk of the tree.

Minor Misery of London.

When they told me at the railway station that the last train to the suburb where I had gone, I determined, mindful of pleasures of mind wandering in Paris, seek shelter in no hotel, but to see what the streets of the sleeping city might be like. I lay in the gutter of that narrow street, where any passing cab or yonder laden dray might, without blame to driver, have crushed its life out. It was little child, so light in my hand as I held it up, that for a moment I wondered indeed it was a living thing. Had I turned at so early an age to suffer and still? It seemed so, for it made no cry, an abandoned babe, moreover; for, coiled up asleep in a doorway, lay its mother. The child had dropped from her arms and had rolled into the gutter. In the Strand, not vacant of all traffic, the walking lepers of the street, in their gown since a plumed plume curtains their so repulsive aggressions. "Our instructions bid us leave them alone," said a constable to me; "and very glad they are to be relieved of the trouble of chivvying them about." There is that danger in the rebuke of Talleyrand—that he whom you forbid of zeal will sink into despondency. Every doorway of the side streets of the thoroughfare single misery has taken shape. Misery in company is here in Trafalgar square. A curious sight, indeed, "the finest sight," as I then saw it. A dark, with a cowering mob of homeless vagabonds taking their rest on the stones. Not all in rags, there, much of them were in rags. Such was the present lot of me, as I was a child, and who, to judge from his tongue and manner, may indeed have once done better work. His pillow is a *Daily Telegraph*. This paper bodding affords a curious study. Most have such furniture to rest their heads, and as I walk round I notice what papers are most in use. The *Telegraph* follows most of those who are in Black-coated misery takes its bed-furniture from the conservative press. One is

a starving and homeless outcast, but one respects the institutions of one's country. Four hundred sleepers, men and women promiscuously side by side, I count in the shadows of the finest hotels in the world. High up on this column stands over all one who spoke once of England and her expectation. That 400 men and women and their children should thus be flung on the pavement—starving, abandoned, in the very heart and centre of luxury of the world—who has failed in his duty? Far off gleams the light high up that tells us that the people of England are even now being cared for. Her majesty's commons are at work, and provision is being made for the commonwealth. It is a sorry beacon seen from a sorry sea.

Back to Covent Garden, where more misery is to be seen. No sleepers here, but men standing shivering under arches—a mother yonder nuzzling some garbage picked from the refuse of the street. Hunger in the centre of the plethora of London! But one lives by contrast, and society loves the antithesis. "A penny, sir, for a cup of coffee. It's terribly cold." How often do I hear those words as I pass a now open coffee house, filled with prosperous market-men? "Can one get soup anywhere here?" "No sir—coffee, cocoa, and ginger beer." "Are there no soup kitchens open now?" "They don't have none, save in winter." It is true, one is hungry in winter only; the other nine months one is not, or should not be. In Paris one can always and at any hour buy for a penny a good bowl of soup, nourishing and comforting. Often at the Halls, where chiefly the soup merchants ply their trade, have I thus break fasted. It is infinitely better than, coffee, tea or cocoa, and it is a matter of wonder that the minor industries of London do not number soup stalls. In Paris these pay very well, and are greatly appreciated by the customers for whom they cater.

As the day dawns I am back in Trafalgar square, where the silent reviville of a cold wind has waked the sleepers. Some are sitting staring at the world; others are occupied over their sad toilet; a woman there with a needle and thread; a man here with a toothbrush and the water of the fountain—it is my ex-citely clerk. To what another day are these arising? As I stand on Westminster bridge the thought of that line comes to me which speaks of the lying still of all this mighty heart. Lie still, the warmly bedded and the well-fed. As for the others? Well, for them

Still there clings
The old question: Will not God do right?
—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A Girl Snake-Catcher.

She lives in Malden; she is 17 years old, or thereabouts, and she is an ophiologist—that is to say, her specialty is snakes. Very often, in pleasant summer weather, this young girl, with hands clad in high buck gloves and armed with a bottle of chloroform, lurks about the fens and pools and tickets watching for snakes, a girl fair to look upon, sauntering, one might imagine, with eyes upon the ground, in maiden meditation, fancy free. She is in maiden meditation, indeed, but not fancy free, because her fancy is bound to snakes and she is searching intently for some variety not yet added to her collection of several hundred. Presently she stops, with an eager gleam in her eyes she crouches along a step or two, her glove-clad right hand drawn back as if to clutch some object; she springs forward toward the ground with swift motion, and then stands erect with the body of a snake writhing about her arm in desperate throes. She has it by the neck and proceeds calmly to thrust its head into the neck of her bottle of chloroform.

Not many days ago this young scientist, after a rather desperate capture, captured in the fells a black-snake so large and powerful that when it wrapped itself in the mail grasp of its body about her arm, it strained her cords and muscles so severely that she was lame for a week. It did not prevent her, however, from sailing forth again, and when she happened to perceive, at the margin of a pool, a big water-snake of a variety which she had not secured for her collection, she lay in wait for it. As the snake pounced upon a frog she pounced upon the snake; but the reptile was in his element, and escaped her. Was she to be baffled in that way? Not at all. She managed to anchor a frog in some way upon a stone at the edge of the pool, at a spot where the bank was overhanging with bushes. Then she stealthily laid herself flat upon her face under the bushes at the brink of the water, and there she lay in ambush for a long time, while the snake curiously eyed the frog. At last the snake, with sudden resolution, made bold to seize the frog; but as he did so a gloved hand, swifter than his own sinuous motion, darted from the bank, and he was a prisoner, splashing the water of the pool in his vain effort to escape. The girl in a brief moment had been able to capture with her own hands a rattlesnake. —*Boston Transcript*.

Marriage in Annam.

Marriage settlements and dowries are not recognized, on account of the difficulties that might arise in case the marriage is dissolved. According to Annamite custom, the woman should not bear the charges of marriage, because she takes the name of her husband and associates herself with him in order to perpetuate his family, not for the sake of her own. It is just for the husband, in his own personal interest, to furnish all that she and her children may need, according to another custom frequently followed, the tutor whose character is not well known of his affianced, so as to submit himself to a kind of testing, often very severe, which shall permit his value and the amount of his knowledge to be tested. This stage of the negotiations sometimes lasts for several years. Marriage is usually contracted by inclination, without money considerations entering into the matter. The family is regarded as a moral union, and not as a business association. Hence it is common to see a wealthy family allied with a poor one. It is considered that, when a man marries a girl without fortune, but wisely brought up, she will be easily touched by the care he will take of her, and be obedient to his authority. Then, it is not right to exact a dowry from a girl whose education has been ready imposed on her parents large sacrifices of time and money, and who has,

moreover, abandoned her family name to take that of a stranger, so there is no dowry. The parents give their daughter what they please, without the young man being allowed to claim or stipulate for anything. Sometimes they require him to make considerable presents, which will be the sole property of his wife. It must not be supposed that the condition of wives is the same in Annam as in China. The six ceremonies of marriage are, it is true, nearly the same in both countries; but while the Chinese wife has to keep her apartments, the Annamite wife is treated as the equal of her husband. —*Science Monthly*.

The Cheerful Horse Doctor.

People who think that dumb beasts are abused, and that the average man has no sympathy for them, should come around when a horse is sick and see that they are mistaken. There was a sick horse in the neighborhood last week, and he commanded the attention of the entire community and a veterinary surgeon with a pale blue eye and a sad downcast expression, as if the sufferings of the equine race were driving him to an untimely grave.

"What ails that horse," said the first man who arrived on the scene where the animal had laid down back of the barn, "is that he has been worked too hard—he's all run down. That horse needs rest; that horse wants to be turned out in the pasture 'bout a month, that's what that horse needs—that's what any horse needs that aches that way."

Then the man sat down on the edge of a board and began to pick his teeth with a piece of fire weed. The owner looked perplexed and said meekly the man was right and he reckoned—

"Here, git that horse up'n his feet an' run him 'round 'fore he dies!" broke in another man, coming up out of breath. "Lift him up an' run him round—he needs exercise—been standin' in the barn too much—needs to be drove—I knowed what ailed your horse soon's I seen him."

The owner scratched his head and 'lowed he didn't know—probably the horse did need exercise. The man who claimed he needed rest was going to say something, when a short, fat man came up, looked at the horse very critically, walked around him twice and then said:

"My opinion, sir—or mebbey you don't want it, mebbey you don't keer what ails yer horse?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the owner apologetically; "I want to know bad."

"The trouble with yer horse," continued the owner solemnly, "is that you have went an' over-fed him—like a fool, too, I should say. If you'll get some blisterin' stuff an' blister yer horse he'll git well. If you don't he's a dead horse, that's jes' all there is 'bout that!"

He went over and took a seat on the fence, just as a tall, one-eyed man came along. The tall man took up a pitchfork, stuck the tines in the ground and leaned on the other end while he looked at the horse. "I expected it," he said at last.

"Why?"

"Seed it comin' onto him for a long time. It's lung trouble—wouldn't wonder if it had been comin' onto him for ten years. How old is yer horse?"

VARIETIES.

She was one of those lofty, approach-me-not sort of girls, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and indignant to this day because it wasn't pure gold. Billy Bliven had just been introduced to her at a lawn fete, and was doing his best, in his plain, matter-of-fact way, to make himself agreeable. After they had chatted a few minutes on the veranda, Billy concluded that he would like to know her better, so he came at the subject thus wise:

"I should greatly—I-I should like very much to call on you some evening. Suppose I drop around and we go out and take a little walk."

"Thanks," she said stiffly; "I am no pedagogue."

Billy pondered a little while and then remarked, in a quiet way peculiar to himself: "I'd have asked you to go out riding, only I knew you were no jockey."

First Omaha Burglar—What's the matter, Bill? You're all bungled up.

Second Omaha Burglar—I tried to rob old Blinker's house last night while Blinker was out with the boys, but I had bad luck.

F. O. B.—Don't see how anything could have happened to ye there.

S. O. B.—Blinker wasn't asleep.

F. O. B.—What of it? Such a scary little woman as that.

S. O. B.—You see as I was going in the hall I stumbled over something, and Mrs. Blinker thought I was the old man coming home drunk again, and she knocked me down with a flatiron.

Young Sportsman (to farmer from whom he hired a gun and a dog for a day's shooting)—I've lost the dog.

Farmer—The dog came home four hours ago. What's the matter?

Young Sportsman—Why, I fired eight times at a duck, which proved to be a decoy duck, without hitting it, and then the dog howled and started 'cross country. He's no good, Mr. Hayseed; and that gun kicks like thunder.

Farmer—I should think it would kick like thunder.

Then Farmer Hayseed went around to the back yard, when the dog was gnawing an indigestible bone, and gave him a pat on the head and a couple of French chops.

ORIGIN OF ITS NAME.—Little Dot—Can't I have some more cake? It's only had free pieces.

Omaha Mamma—Three pieces! Gracious, no!

L. D.—But that cake won't hurt me. You said it was angel cake. Angels eat it, don't they?

O. M.—No, dear, it is not called angel cake because angels eat it.

L. D.—Then why?

O. M.—Because little girls who eat too much of it become angels.

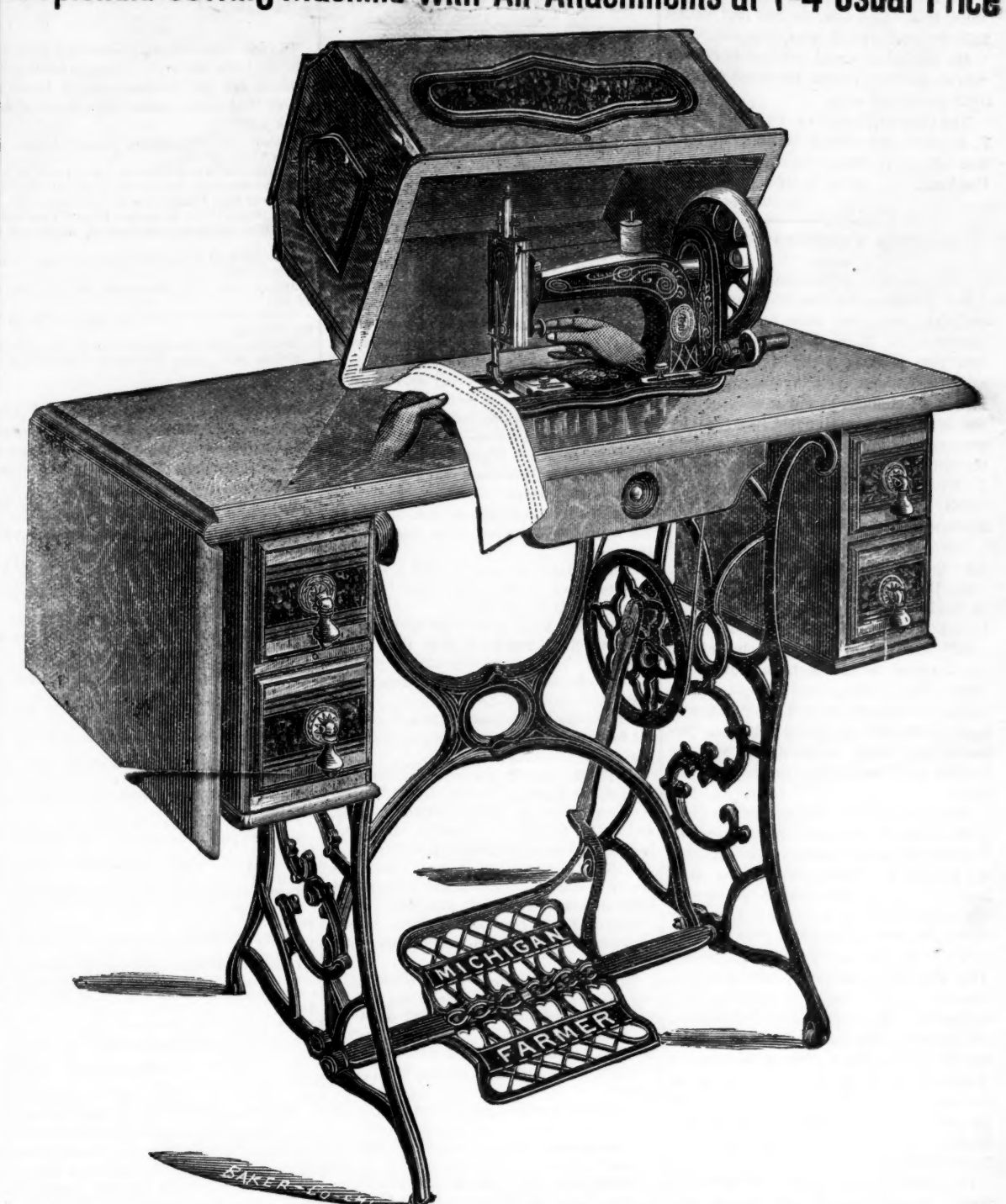
TROUBLE WITH THE CURRICULUM.—First Omaha Dame—How is your son getting on at college?

Second Omaha Dame—Splendidly, but I am afraid he studies too hard. I got a private note from his room-mate advising me to send for my son, as he was beginning to toss around nights and see snakes and things.

F. O. D.—Dear me.

S. O. D.—Yes, isn't awful! I have written to the faculty to ask them to excuse the poor boy from any further attendance at the lectures on zoology. —*Omaha World*.

BUY THE BEST AND SAVE MONEY!
A Splendid Sewing Machine with All Attachments at 1-4 Usual Price



The above represents the Machine which we sell at \$17 CASH, AND THROW IN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FARMER. It is very nicely finished, perfect in all respects, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. We are contracting for large quantities and furnishing them to our customers at about cost. Agents and dealers profits can be saved and one of the best Machines obtained by ordering of us. A full set of attachments included with each Machine, which is guaranteed to give satisfaction or it may be returned and Money refunded.

Address GIBBONS BROTHERS, Publishers Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.

Chaff.
Some men are born great, but they can't stay there without brains.

Strike while the iron is hot, but let some other fellow hold the iron.

A good character is like a papered room. It never needs whitewashing.

The real estate agent doesn't want the earth; he is always trying to sell it.

A woman's glory is in her hair, but it is a good plan to tie it up when cooking.

It is a pity that our neighbors do not know as well as we do what is best for them.

The most foolish of fools is the man who when asked for his candid opinion gives it.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

Cremona has no terrors for a man whose mother-in-law has caught him kissing the servant girl.

Why can't the duellists of to-day be fair and square about it and designate as weapons the bowels open, and the liver and kidneys?

Friend—Wilkins, why do you keep all these old almanacs? Wilkins—Waiting for the jokes to ripen for republication.

An Arkansas printer has fallen heir to \$500,000. Among Arkansas printers this is considered a fairly fat take.

One reason why the homely girl takes the scholarship prize is because she looks into books more than into mirrors.

"There's always room at the top." But there wouldn't be if everybody who is up there was as big as he thinks himself.

Sam, Jones told the Baltimore people that they were a "silly crowd," and they paid him \$150 a night and proved the statement true.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO THE WEST.
By the Wabash Route.

For the I. O. O. F. meeting, to be held at Denver, Col. Tickets will be on sale Sept. 12th to 15th, good to return until Oct. 31st. Rate, \$14.35.

For the G. A. R. Encampment, to be held at St. Louis, Mo. Tickets will be on sale Sept. 24th to 27th, inclusive; good to return October 31st. Rate, \$16.

For the St. Louis Exposition, tickets will be on sale every Monday and Thursday until Oct. 20th, good for five days. Rate, \$14.

For the St. Louis Fair and Vexed Prophet tickets will be on sale Oct. 1st to 7th, inclusive; good to return until Oct. 10th. Rate, \$14.

For full information, time tables, maps, etc., apply to Wabash Ticket Office, Detroit, Mich.

A. F. WOLFSCHLAGER, Ticket Agent.

R. G. BUTLER, Coml. Agent.

A Remarkable Growth.
The many friends of Messrs. Montgomery Ward & Co., formerly at 227 and 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, will be glad to know that the rapid growth of their business has forced them to remove from Wabash Avenue to 111, 112, 113 and 114 Michigan Avenue, where they have purchased a magnificent building, the seven floors of which they will occupy exclusively. These seven floors are each 100x165 feet (about three acres) of floor surface. The new quarters will enable them to handle their large business to the better advantage of their thousands of customers. Fifteen years ago Messrs. Montgomery Ward & Co. occupied but one room and that only 25x40 feet. The enormous growth of their business during these fifteen years can only be explained by the fact that they sell direct to consumers, supplying all their wants, and never misrepresent any article. The success of this house proves the old saying that "Honesty is the best policy," and from this policy they never deviate. The fall catalogue issued by Messrs. Montgomery Ward & Co. ought to be in every family.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form
of Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME IN 10 days relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA Soap, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, and the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, Itchen, pruritus, scald head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry. 500 PAGE BOOK on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free. CURES—Fever, Congestions, Inflammation, A. A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever, B. B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism, C. C.—Diarrhea, Nasal Discharges, D. D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms, E. E.—Coughs, Hoarseness, Eczema, F. F.—Scouring, Hemorrhages, G. G.—Rumy and Kidney Diseases, H. H.—Rupture, Dissection, Mange, I. I.—Diseases of Digestion, J. J.—Stable Cane, with Specifics, Manual, 1-1/2 inch French Oil and Mediator. Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses) \$7.00 Sold by Druggists; Sent Free on Receipt of Price. Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28 In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from overwork or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 6 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. Sold by Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Intelligent Readers will notice that
Tutt's Pills
are not "warranted to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz: Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc. For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

A session of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, in Chancery, convened and held at the Circuit Court room in the City of Detroit, on the 22nd day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, Hon. William Jenkinson, Circuit Judge. Frank G. Zena vs. Susan Martindale. In above case it appearing by the affidavit of Ernest H. Martindale complainant, that said Susan Martindale has departed from her last known place of residence, and that it cannot be ascertained where she is, and further appearing by the return of the Sheriff of the County of Wayne, that the subpoena issued in this cause cannot be served upon said defendant, Susan Martindale, it is ordered that said defendant, Susan Martindale, appear in this cause and answer the bill on or before the 27th day of January, 1888. WILLIAM JENKINSON, Circuit Judge.

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(Continued from First Page.)

are under precisely the same conditions, except that he failed to sow the salt.

E. Leland had destroyed cut-worms entirely on twenty acres of corn ground by the use of salt.

Mr. Nordan—Care should be taken to select seed wheat from the best part of the field, where the heads are the largest.

Mr. Brockway sowed salt last fall on his wheat, and this season harvested from 16 to 25 bushels per acre.

The Club will hold its annual fair at W. E. Boyden's the second Saturday in October. Cyrus G. Stark will read a paper at that time.

JAS. E. BUTLER, Secretary pro tem.

OXFORD FARMERS' CLUB.

OXFORD, Sept. 14, 1887.

It is too late to tell that the Oxford Farmers' Club held their June meeting at the residence of M. E. Delano, of Thomas their July meeting at Mr. James Adams, of Oakwood, and their August meeting at Mr. H. W. Hollister's; and at each meeting the membership and interest increased beyond expectations. The club had a picnic the 27th of August, at Sion Lake, at which J. W. Donovan, of Detroit, Rev. C. C. Miller, Hon. J. M. Norton, and Joshua Van Huseon spoke.

The speaking was all good and gave great satisfaction to the great number present.

Mr. Donovan's was the principal speech of the day. He spoke for about an hour, his subject being "The Farmers of the Future." He began with a sketch of the finest farms he had seen in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Michigan, and what different farmers were raising, giving a graphic picture of very many beautiful homes in the country that would rival the finest in any city.

The speaker gave Michigan the first place in the Union in all natural advantages, the first also in beautiful homes. He discussed the question of "going west to buy more land" for the children, warned the farmers against giving notes on farm patents; believed that farming pays to men who advance with the times, and kept posted. That gardens pay, and early corn, early cabbages, early fruit, grapes and berries, early onions and early poultry, are all profitable, but the profits of these are lessened by competition. The steam plow in Dakota, the thousands of grain raisers of the great northwest, have turned the attention of farmers to the methods of France and England and California, where small farms pay better than large ones.

He urged the farmers to cultivate clubs, read the leading papers, keep posted, and concluded with these words: "The country must furnish in the future as the past the brains of men in the city—men like Greeley and Beecher, Clay and Webster, Grant and Lincoln, who had in their nature the rude strong elements that spring from the soil men who love their neighbors, and see in their success new elements of national prosperity; sharp, keen, courageous men, who practice thrift and enrich their State by inventive genius developed in the hardships of a northern climate. The farmers of the future will have homes and yards that will rival in beauty the city, with lawns and fountains and flowers and shade trees near their dwellings; with gravel roads to market, pure water for their blooded cattle, barns planned and painted, and the finest of out-buildings. Their houses will be so attractive that their children will point to them with pride while passing by in carriages with a city associate, and say, 'Yonder is our home.' The farmer of the future will have parlors for every day in the year, including Sundays, and will read his State and county paper, and know what the world is doing. He will love his neighbor for the improvements he makes and will not feel jealous of his new buildings. He will have clubs and picnics in abundance. He will go to his rest after labor like a ship in full sail, and not like one broken by storms and discarded from having consumed all its rigging and its spars for fuel in a voyage over an ever troubled ocean. His life will be what makes it, what he thinks it, and what he wills it."

Mr. Donovan closed with an original poem entitled "Land Poor," which was highly applauded. The belief in the value of these organizations to farmers seems to be growing.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary for any communication to be published. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered gratuitously. By mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Amaurosis or Paralysis of the Optic Nerve, the Result of Injury by a Fall.

BROUARD, Sept. 7.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a sucking calf injured in the following manner: While being broken to halter it reared and fell over backward, striking the back of the head and neck on the hard road. It lay for a moment insensible but recovered in a short time and got up. Bled a little at the nose, but did not appear to be hurt much. Upon leading it to the farm we found it to be stone blind. I remarked a peculiar glassy appearance of the eye as the calf was led up, but beyond this could see no other symptoms. This happened two days ago. At this stage his eyes are discharging slightly, and appear dilated and the lids drawn back. He is still absolutely blind. It is a mystery to me how a blow at the back of the head could injure the vision. I supposed the optic nerve, and the portion of the brain upon which sight was dependent, to have no connection with the spinal column. Can anything be done for him, and what are his chances for recovery?

LESTER WARNER.

P. S. Since writing the above I have examined the calf's eyes, and think they have an unusual appearance; the iris appears dilated, is about as big as a two-cent piece, and looks cloudy or milky.

Answer.—Amaurosis or paralysis of the optic nerve, is the cause of dilation of the pupil of the eye, accompanied by blindness. Paralysis of the nerve may arise from accidental causes, such as a blow upon the head, causing alteration of structure in or around the optic nerve. In this case the fall as above described is no doubt the immediate

or exciting cause of the trouble. We would advise you to consult a competent veterinary surgeon with reference to treatment in such cases, which, at best, is very uncertain.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, September 19, 1887.

WHEAT.—Market quiet and unchanged. Values are somewhat weaker on account of the depression in wheat. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan, stone process.....\$3.50 @ \$3.75
Michigan roller process.....3.50 @ 3.75
Michigan patents.....4.00 @ 4.25
Minnesota, bakers.....3.50 @ 3.75
Minnesota, patents.....4.25 @ 4.50
Low grades.....2.00 @ 2.50

WHEAT.—The week closed with a dull and depressed feeling in the market, and values showing weakness. At the lowest points reached there were more sellers than buyers. Futures were very weak, the whole lot showing a decline. May delivery sold down to 82½¢. Closing prices on Saturday were as follows:

Spot—No. 1 white, 76½¢; No. 2 red, 76½¢; No. 3 red, 71½¢. Futures—No. 2 red, September, 76¢; October, 75½¢; November, 75½¢; December, 76¢. There is nothing doing in futures in No. 1 white.

CORN.—Market steady and a shade higher. No. 2 spot is quoted at 44½¢, and No. 3 at 44½¢.

OATS.—Quiet and steady. The latest sales reported were on the basis of 30c for No. 2 white, and 27c for No. 3.

BARLEY.—Firm at \$1.25 @ 1.30 for No. 2, \$1.50 for No. 1, and No. 3 at \$1.15 @ 1.20 per cental.

RYE.—Quoted at 44½¢ @ 45¢ bu., with a quiet market.

WHEAT.—By the car-load \$13.25 @ 13.50 per ton for bran. Middlings quoted at \$13.15 @ 13.25 per ton.

BUTTER.—Market steady and unchanged, with choice dairy source and wanted. Quotations are 19¢ @ 20¢ for extra selections of dairy, and 16¢ @ 18¢ for good table grades. Creamery is quiet and steady at 24¢ @ 25¢ bu.

CHEESE.—Market quiet and quotations steady at 12¢ @ 13¢ for Michigan full cream; Ohio, 10½¢ @ 11¢; New York, 12½¢ @ 13¢.

EGGS.—Fresh command 16¢ @ 17¢ per doz. Receipts have been light, and the market is steady.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, \$ box, \$4.00 @ 4.50; oranges, Messina, \$ box, \$4.25 @ 4.50; cocoanuts, \$ 100, \$5.00 @ 5.50; bananas, yellow, \$ bunch, \$2.00 @ 2.50; red, \$ 1.50 @ 2.00. \$2. figs, 11¢ @ 12¢ for steady, 12¢ @ 13¢ for fancy.

BREWS.—Steady at 25¢ @ 26¢ bu., as to quality.

HONEY.—Market quiet and steady at 16¢ @ 17¢ for comb and 12½¢ @ 13¢ for extracted.

BEANS.—Market quiet but firm. Quoted at \$2.50 @ 2.75 @ 3¢ bu. for city picked.

DRIED APPLES.—Market quiet at 4¢ @ 5¢ for common, and 11¢ @ 12¢ for evaporated.

SALT.—Michigan, 86¢ per bbl. in car lots; eastern, 85¢; dairy, 92¢ per bbl.; Ashton quarter sacks, 69¢.

POTATOES.—Demand net active, but the market is higher at \$4.00 @ 4.50 per bbl.

ONIONS.—Inactive at 75¢ @ 80¢ per bbl.

POULTRY.—Market quiet, and prices generally lower. Quoted as follows: Live, \$ 1.00; ducks, 8¢; hens, 8¢; turkeys, 9¢ @ 10¢; geese, 8¢; spring chickens, 8¢; pair, pigeons 25¢. Receipts are large.

HIDES.—Green city, 6¢ @ 7¢ bu., country, 6½¢ @ 7¢; cured, 8¢; green calf, 7¢ @ 8¢; salted do, 8¢; sheep-skins, 20¢ @ 25¢ each; bulls, stag and grubby hides ½¢ off.

APPLES.—Quoted at \$1.25 @ 1.50 per bbl., with a dull market.

CHERRY.—A few Michigan offered at 2¢ @ 3¢ bu. The market is lifeless.

CHAP APPLES.—In fair demand at 70¢ @ 75¢ bu., outside for the Siberian stock.

GRAPES.—The demand moderate and well filled at 2¢ @ 2½¢ for Concord and 4¢ @ 5¢ for Delaware and Catawbas.

PEARS.—The market in good condition. Dealers quote at \$2.50 @ 3.00 per bbl., outside for choicest varieties.

PEACHES.—Receipts heavier at the end of the week and prices easier. Crawford \$1.50 @ 1.75 bu. for good to choice and 2¢ @ 3¢ for fancy; Smocks, \$1.00 @ 1.25, 80¢ @ 90¢ 25.

SWEET POTATOES.—Firm at \$1.00 @ 1.25 for Jersey, and \$2.50 @ 3.00 for Baltimore.

TOMATOES.—Steady at 50¢ @ 60¢ bu.

WATERMELONS.—Steady at 12¢ @ 15¢ per 100, the latter for selected lots.

Tabor sold Marx a mixed lot of 11 head of good butchers' stock at \$20.00 @ \$25.00. Head sold First 4 good butchers' steers at \$25.00 @ \$30.00.

Dennis sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 23 head of fair butchers' stock at \$17.75 @ \$22.75, and 3 bulls at \$38.00 @ \$42.00.

Platts sold Lapham 15 stockers at \$72.00 @ \$75.00.

McMullen sold McIntire a mixed lot of 11 head of fair butchers' stock at \$70.00 @ \$75.00.

SHEEP.

The offerings of sheep numbered 1,091 head, against 1,887 last week. Sheep were in good demand and the receipts changed hands at prices 10¢ @ 15¢ higher than those of one week ago.

Spicer sold Fitzpatrick 75, part lambs, at 75¢ @ 80¢.

C. Roe sold Webb Bros 88 at 75¢ @ 80¢, and 80 at \$3.50.

Balderson sold Young 46 at 72¢ @ 75¢.

Hanser sold Fitzpatrick 30 at 83¢ @ 85¢.

C. Roe sold John Robinson 108 at 77¢ @ 83¢.

Capwell sold Fritz Spencer 59 at 82¢ @ 85¢.

Ramsay sold Fitzpatrick 36, part lambs, at \$3.00 @ \$3.50.

Jede sold John Robinson 103 at 59¢ @ 65¢.

Glover sold Brownell 176, part lambs, at 77¢ @ 80¢.

Newman sold Monahan 40 at 72¢ @ 75¢.

Spicer sold John Robinson 21 at 59¢ @ 65¢.

HOES.

The offerings of hoes numbered 3,003 head, against 2,381 last week. The market opened up slow at about last week's prices, but later declined 15¢ @ 20¢ and closed weak.

Brown & Spencer sold Giddings 100 at 22¢ @ 25¢, and 129 at 18¢ @ 20¢.

Stabler & O'Hara sold Devine 105 at 20¢ @ 25¢.

C. Roe sold Webb Bros 62 at 20¢ @ 25¢, and 184 at \$4.00.

Thayer sold Webb Bros 63 at 20¢ @ 25¢.

Watson sold Platts 58 at 18¢ @ 20¢.

Judson sold Webb Bros 59 at 19¢ @ 21¢.

Haywood sold Allen 78 at 19¢ @ 21¢.

Hope sold Sullivan & F 95 at 18¢ @ 21¢.

Barbour sold Webb Bros 76 at 18¢ @ 21¢.

C. Roe sold John Robinson 32 at 76¢ @ 80¢.

J. B. Rowe sold Sullivan & F 111 at 19¢ @ 21¢.

Adgate sold Webb Bros 91 at 22¢ @ 25¢.

C. Roe sold J. B. Rowe 62 at 18¢ @ 21¢.

Gleason sold Sullivan & F 58 at 17¢ @ 21¢.

Ramsay sold Webb Bros 131 at 19¢ @ 21¢.

Patton sold Stevens 73 at 19¢ @ 21¢.

Balderson sold Webb Bros 60 at 18¢ @ 21¢.

Sutton sold Sullivan & F 104 at 17¢ @ 21¢.

C. Roe sold Webb Bros 109 at 19¢ @ 21¢.

Clark sold Webb Bros 95 at 18¢ @ 21¢.

Platts sold Sullivan & F 187 at 17¢ @ 21¢.

King's Yards.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1887.

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 659 head, a good portion of which were westerns. For the better class of Michigan cattle there was good demand at about last week's prices, while common grades were weak and a shade lower.

Glenn sold Murphy a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock at 71¢ @ 75¢, and 4 and 5 fair cows to Kammann at 1,108 lbs at \$4.00.

Beach sold Kammann a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock at 71¢ @ 75¢, and 2 bulls at 70¢ @ 75¢.

Beach sold Genthner 4 choice butchers' steers at 1,040 lbs at \$4.75.

Culver sold Stonehouse a mixed lot of 9 head of coarse butchers' stock at 66¢ @ 70¢.

Sprague sold Reagan a mixed lot of 7 head of thin butchers' stock at 67¢ @ 71¢ at \$2.50.

Guthrie sold Hunter 4 good butchers' steers at 65¢ @ 70¢.

Beach sold Kammann a mixed lot of 8 head of fair butchers' stock at 71¢ @ 75¢, and 2 bulls at 70¢ @ 75¢.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

BARKING POWDER.

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 110, Wall Street, New York.

Peaches!

SHIP YOUR PEACHES, PEARS, PLUMS, Etc.

E. B. GAWLEY & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

74 West Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich.

Prompt returns made when goods are sold. Send for printed market reports. Stencil plates. Reference: A. Ives & Sons, Bankers, Detroit.

Morton Manufacturing Co.

HOMER, MICHIGAN.

Morton's Reversible Tread Horse Power, Monarch Feed-Cutter, and other Adjustable Sowing Saw Table.

which, with the Pease Grinder which we sell, comprises the best of machinery in the market for the general farmer. The Power is made with an adjustable belt elevation and has a select of medium wheels which give a perfect and steady motion as engine and can be adjusted to run from 40 to 100 revolutions per minute. It has a capacity to cut one ton per hour. The grind active but not probably higher than 10 to 12 bushels per hour with two horses. For reference we direct you to John F. Hagerman, Romeo; H. H. Hatch, Bay City; Hon. Wm. L. West, East Saginaw; G. M. Turrill, Lapeer; S. L. Hixie, South Edmore, N. Y.

We also make a power especially adapted for grain elevators and other stationary purposes which will elevate five bushels per minute, fifty feet high, with one horse and medium celerity. It has a capacity to cut one ton per hour. The grind active but not probably higher than 10 to 12 bushels per hour with two horses. For reference we direct you to John F. Hagerman, Romeo; H. H. Hatch, Bay City; Hon. Wm. L. West, East Saginaw; G. M. Turrill, Lapeer; S. L. Hixie, South Edmore, N. Y.

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